



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, Oct. 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

CONTENTS

THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, national in scope, is edited and published with episcopal approbation.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year \$5.00 for two years. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and new addresses.

Make all checks, drafts,

Editor's Page	355
The Mask—(Poem)— <i>Nancy Buckley</i>	357
Hills of Rest— <i>John M. Cooney</i>	358
Sonnets of Holf Quest—(Poem)	361
On two Holy Mountains of Palestine	361
Devil's Neck, N. M.— <i>Constance Edgerton</i>	363
Answered—(Poem)— <i>Nellie C. Magennis</i>	364
A Faithful Shepherd— <i>Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.</i>	365
To St. Benedict—(Poem)— <i>Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.</i>	369
Restoration of Society— <i>Mrs. J. T. Whipple</i>	370
Love's Oblation—(Poem)— <i>Elizabeth Voss</i>	370
A Great Missioner Gone	371
Madame— <i>Frances Berington</i>	375
Immortal Hope—(Poem)— <i>Lucy L. Montgomery</i>	376
Thoughts on the Holy Rule of St. Benedict— <i>Aquila</i>	377
Daddy's Promise— <i>Henriette Eugenie Delamare</i> ..	379
Helen Keller— <i>Maude Gardner</i>	383
Our Old See— <i>John M. Cooney</i>	384
Communion—First and Last—(Poem)— <i>T. F. L.</i> ..	386
Notes of General Interest	387
Children's Corner— <i>Agnes Brown Hering</i>	390

postal and express money orders payable to THE ABBEY PRESS. Do not use or add any other name.

Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to THE ABBEY PRESS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

DONATIONS FOR POOR STUDENTS

We have opened five Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Bursar of \$5,000 is a perpetual fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. The capital always remains intact. When one has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1021.70. Cath. P. Fay, N. Y., \$2; N. N., Ky., \$15; E. Brueggenghagen, Mo., \$35; Mrs. Morrow, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. R. Taylor, Ind., \$4; Ben Huesman, Ohio, \$3; Mr. and Mrs. J. Tilp, Wis., \$2; S. E. Minges, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. W. Kausalik, Iowa, \$1. Total: \$1051.05.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1305.25. Sophie Herberding, Mo., \$5. Total: \$1310.25.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1006.41. J. Schuhmacher, Ind., \$5; J. Kaiser, Ohio, \$5; Mrs. V. Jacques, La., \$1; V. B., Ind., \$1.78; Geo. H. Leonard, Ill., \$1; Rev. C. Weber, Kans., \$10; Miss A. Irwin, La., \$2; Friends, N. Y., \$5; R. R. W., S. C., \$25; E. Schoene, Mo., \$1; E. Valerius, Ill., \$1; Mrs. E. Hartman, Ind., \$1; J. F. R., Ind., \$2.92; Geo. N. Massung, Pa., \$1; Mrs. E. Bolanos, La., \$1; J. B. Jorda, La., \$30; Ella Farley, Ky., \$1. Total: \$1071.41.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$1031.24. J. M. Gadden, Pa., \$2; Mrs. H. H. Landers, N. Y., \$1; Sophie Herberding, Mo., \$10; K. Haseltine, Cal., \$50; Th. Wondrasek, Ill., \$1; Mrs. R. Blanche, La., \$1; A. Sarre, La., \$2.10; Thos. G. Sumonka, Ill., \$1; Mrs. J. A. Hoffmann, Minn., \$1; Mrs. R. V. Roth, Ohio, \$1; Katherine Freppon, Ind., \$1; Mrs. E. Kudzma, Md., \$5; W. Jenzeljski, Mich., \$1; Miss F. Sleeper, N. Y., \$5; Miss C. Heim and Mother, N. Y., \$6; J. N., La., \$1. Total: \$1070.84.

Address all letters and communications to

THE ABBEY PRESS,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

c/o REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.

Grail Building Fund. Previously acknowledged: \$2310.88. California: Mrs. A. R., \$3; Dist of Col.: A. P., \$5; Illinois: Mrs. V. S., \$1; Indiana: Mrs. J. S., \$1; N. A., \$1; Kansas: Rev. C. W., \$10; Kentucky: Mrs. M. L., \$2; Mrs. M. R., \$20; Minnesota: G. M., \$2.50; Missouri: Mrs. A. A., \$1; B. E., \$1; Mrs. J.

G., \$1; New York: Mrs. A. L., \$1; Ohio: Miss S., \$1; Pennsylvania: J. A. G., \$1; Mrs. A. L., \$3; Mrs. M. B. Jr., \$1; Wisconsin: A. L., \$2; Mrs. P. B., \$2. Total: \$2350.58.

FOR THE SUFFERERS OF CENTRAL EUROPE

California: N. N., \$1; F. B., \$5; J. P., \$5; G. B., \$2; M. F., \$2; Canada: B. M., \$4; Connecticut: M. B., \$1; Kentucky: C. J. R., \$2; The girls of The Sacred Heart Class, Ft. Thomas, Ky., \$5; Illinois: T. W., \$5; Mrs. S., \$5; F. J. K., \$2; J. S., \$5; V. S., \$1; T. W., \$2.20; N. N., \$5; Indiana: M. E., \$5; M. H., \$2; E. S., \$1; J. C. H., \$100; Rev. A. K., \$10; H. M., \$5; L. K., \$6; F. B., \$5; K. A., \$1; M. M., \$2; H. K., \$1; H. L. V., \$1; B. M., \$4; J. G. W., \$1; N. N., \$1; A. E., \$5; A. V., \$25; N. N., \$5; Louisiana: S. D., \$5; B. S., \$10; Michigan: E. K., \$5; Missouri: J. J. D., \$5; E. H., \$1; S. H., \$5; R. H., \$1; New Jersey: K. H., \$5; M. N., \$5; M. R. M., \$1; New York: F. S., \$1; A. H., \$3; F. S., \$3; Ohio: R. H., \$5; A. R., \$50; W. Z., \$10; Pennsylvania: F. F., \$50; S. G., \$1; N. N., \$60; G. N. M., \$5; Wisconsin: A. R., \$5; G. W., \$10; J. B., \$1; M. G., \$1; F. B., \$25; L. W., \$1; J. P., \$5.

N. B. Money with requests for Masses to be offered up by the impoverished and needy priests of central Europe will be gladly forwarded gratis. Address all communications to

ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, B. F.,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

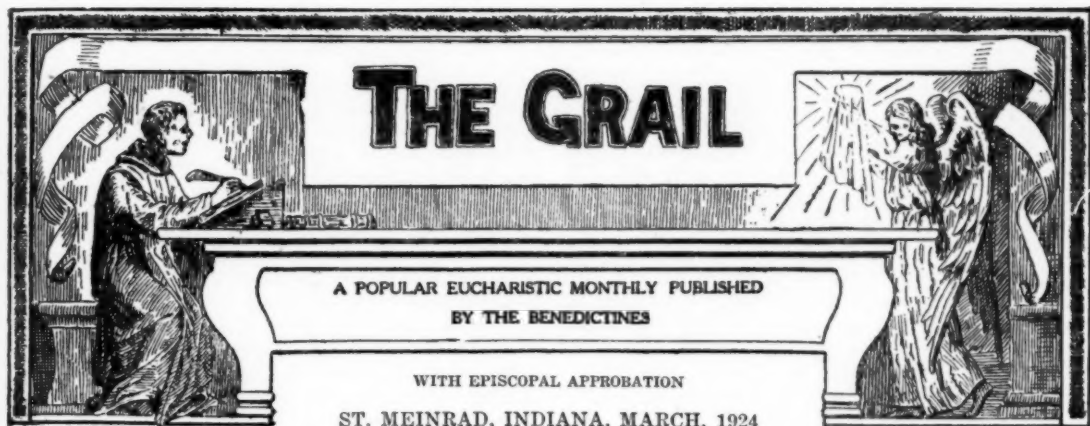
OBITUARY

Rev. F. H. Budde, Mt. Carmel, Illinois; Rev. Leander Schneider, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana; Charles J. Cann; William Kluge; Miss Ann L. Cuniff; Mrs. Elizabeth King. R. I. P.

Souls approaching Holy Communion bear away the graces of heaven in greater or less abundance, according to the fervor of their love.—St. Cath. of Sienna.

Why Wander Far?

When thou a martyr's hallowed shrine
Dost seek, to pray alone;
Behold! this happiness is thine,
A martyr's tomb—each altar stone.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

St. Benedict and the Missions

Towering high above the other heroes of the early ages who spent themselves in the service of the Divine Master, we meet, as the year marches on, St. Benedict, whose legislation has in time past meant so much for the Church, St. Benedict, whose sons have borne to the ends of the earth the light of the Gospel. It was the sons of St. Benedict who converted England to the faith. It was they also who, by singing the praises of God day and night in choir, by the integrity of their lives, by felling the forests and tilling the soil, by instruction in the classroom and the exercise of the fine arts, finally succeeded in taming the wild hordes of northern Europe and bringing them under the sweet yoke of Christ.

The "work of God," as St. Benedict calls the Divine Office, is still chanted in choir by his sons and daughters in all countries of the globe; his rule is still active in the sanctification of multitudes, not only of such as wear his distinctive garb, but also of those who are under the spiritual guidance of his monks; the youth is trained as of old in college and university; and beyond the confines of the cloister St. Benedict continues to bring the children of nature under the civilizing influence of the teachings of Christ. Among these are the Indian of America, the Negro of Africa, the pagans of Japan and China.

Our readers are cordially invited to join the sons of St. Benedict with others in the work of saving souls for heaven. One way to accomplish much in this respect is by affiliating with the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. The grand purpose of the League is threefold: (1) union and harmony among all Catholics; (2) the return of non-Catholics to unity with Mother Church; (3) the conversion of all non-Christians—Mohammedans, pagans, Jews—who form nearly two-thirds of the human race.

What are you doing towards the conversion of these vast multitudes? You are surely not unwilling to

turn a finger in their behalf? Here's your chance to reap much fruit with but little effort. Apply to the editor of *THE GRAIL* for admission to the League. The only obligation that the League entails is a brief daily offering and an occasional Communion received and Mass heard. There are no fees, dues, or collections, although for the meeting of current expenses a small alms is acceptable at the time of admission. Do your mite towards the union of Christendom. But little is asked of you; great is the reward that awaits you in eternity.

Make a Virtue of Necessity

Lent, with its fasts and mortifications, opens with Ash Wednesday on March 5th. In our day we are become so effeminate that we shudder at the very thought of penance. Yet, since nothing defiled can enter heaven, atonement for sin has to be made, either during this life, by voluntary acts that are meritorious for life eternal, or after death in the cleansing fires of purgatory where merit is no longer possible.

Except by special inspiration of the Holy Ghost, your health and your duties not preventing, your spiritual director permitting, you are not to practice severe penances such as you read of in the lives of the saints—abstaining from food and drink for days at a time, scourging the flesh, spending the night as well as the day in prayer. The Church does not exact such hardships from her children. Her Lenten mandates are made known from every pulpit. Those who for reasons of health, hard labor, and the like, cannot observe these regulations, will be dispensed from them by pastor or confessor.

The spirit of Lent, however, can be observed by all without exception. And this spirit demands a form of penance that is within easy reach of every individual, for it does not enjoin on us the starving of the body or the lacerating of the flesh but in the making of necessity a virtue. No day passes in which there is not some opportunity for overcoming our impatience, bearing

with the weaknesses of others, putting up with discomforts that come from the weather, indisposition, illness, misfortunes, accidents, disappointments, and other daily occurrences. "All such trials," very aptly remarks the *Ave Maria* (Vol. XV, No. 11), "are raw material which we may use to our spiritual benefit or spiritual detriment," for we cannot avoid them. But, "by accepting them as coming from the hand of God, receiving them with resignation, we evince the true spirit of mortification that is meritorious unto eternal life; by bitterly repining at their occurrences, lamenting the hardness of our lot, or protesting against the injustice of 'fate,' we manifest a spirit anything but appropriate to the holy season of Lent, or any other season," and by such misconduct we call down upon ourselves the wrath of God.

Listen to the words of St. Francis de Sales, who tells us that "the mortifications which come to us from God, or from men by His permission, are always worth more than those which are the children of our own will; for it must be considered a general rule that the less our taste and choice intervene in our actions, the more they will have of goodness, devotion, the pleasure of God, and our own profit."

A Plea for Catholic Publications

The Catholic magazine and the Catholic paper should find their way into every well-ordered Catholic home, not to be used for domestic purposes, but to be read. In very many instances education in things Catholic ceased with the instructions for first Holy Communion and confirmation. If recourse is not had to reading, even the little that was then but partially grasped will soon slip away entirely. How comparatively few can give to honest inquirers outside the fold a reasonable account of their faith. The reason is not far to find. They do not supplement their knowledge with reading. The consequence is self-evident. It is imperative, then, that every Catholic read and instruct himself in matters that pertain to the Church, her doctrines, her liturgy, her history.

The Catholic magazine and the Catholic paper, in so far as they help to dispel the darkness of ignorance, are rays of light. Through the casual reading of a Catholic paper many a convert has eventually found his way into the Church. This, of course, applies with equal force to Catholic books. There are saints in heaven who date their conversion, next to the grace of God, to the chance reading of a good, Catholic book.

Numerous as are the Catholics of the United States, comparatively few are subscribers to, and still fewer are readers of, legitimate Catholic publications. Many think that they have done their duty—a duty of charity—when they have placed their names on the subscription lists of several Catholic magazines and papers. Listen to the open confession of one of these: "I take four Catholic magazines and a Catholic newspaper, but no one reads them but grandma." Like the person just

quoted, they feel no obligation to read such literature—their appetite demands more solid (?) food.

How few zealous Catholics there are who are helping to spread the light of faith by passing on their Catholic magazines, papers, and books. There is a non-Catholic neighbor whose mind is waiting to be enlightened, and perhaps the paper which you are so thoughtlessly throwing away contains the very spark that is needed to enkindle in him an ardent faith. Then, there is the Catholic hospital, the city hospital, the work house, the penitentiary, the old folks' home, and so many other public and private institutions that will welcome the wholesome Catholic reading matter for which you have no further use. In distributing this literature you are doing missionary work. Pope Leo XIII called the Catholic paper in a parish a "perpetual mission." We may, then, call those who disseminate Catholic papers "perpetual missionaries." Do you belong to a mission band of this kind? You can join at any time and form a band all your own and select your own circuit. You may thus be the means of bringing many souls to God by your mission work. What a happiness would it not be for you if only one soul obtained its salvation through the discarded reading matter that you distributed. Many hungry souls are beckoning to you for this spiritual alms. Whether you read Catholic publications or not, pass them on for the good that they may do. They are a constant light that should be kept burning in a conspicuous place and not hid under a bushel measure by letting them lie idle or by destroying them. Keep these rays of light burning by means of a healthy circulation; God will reward you for your spiritual alms.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

The Sistine Choir

Enemies of Holy Church, whether through ignorance or malice, have said that the Catholic Church has always been hostile to all that is beautiful, joyous, and artistic in life. Misinterpreting her insistence on penance and mortification, they had declared that the joy and beauty of life are swallowed up by the gloom of her penitential system. We know, however, that self-restraint is not gloom, nor is it depressing bondage. Rather does it alone give joy to the heart and free us from the bondage of sin and passion, the most cruel and exacting of all.

Those of us, however, who were privileged to hear the Sistine Choir on its tour of the States, must have realized more than ever that true art and joy and beauty have ever been the property of the City of God. Favored and endowed by Popes, this oldest body of

singers from Rome, the center of immortal art, has brought down to us the traditions and perfections which are the legacy of centuries. Catholics and non-Catholics thronged to hear them, and went away moved and edified. It was a tour of triumph and glory for the choir itself and for our much maligned and misunderstood Church.

The Gregorian Chant

In a conversation with the affable Monsignor, the Conductor, we had brought home to us again the desire which the Church has that all our church choirs adopt the Gregorian, or plain, chant. And when one is forced now and then to hear Masses which, though well meant, are more operative than devotional, high infinite in length and often lacking in beauty, then the wish grows more fervent that the adoption of this song of the Church, simple, brief, prayerful, and elevating, be enforced in each parish of each diocese. May the time come soon too when we shall hear at least the *Gloria* and *Credo* sung by all the congregation.

The objections to plain chant are easily done away with. Difficult? By no means so difficult as the other. Not beautiful? Perhaps not appreciated when first heard. But, as some recent writer has said, it must be sung to be appreciated. Yes, sung over and over again. Then it comes to sink into the very depths of one's spirit, and lingers there and calls forth repeated sentiments of devotion and fervor. Of course, it's not jazzy. But church is not the place for jazz, but for prayer; and that the plain chant is above all.

Advertising Movies

One can scarcely help taking notice of the great motion picture industry of the present day. Say what you may, it will be patronized by our people as a cheap and often very wholesome form of entertainment. It can be made a source of evil or good; much depends on the producers. But, fortunately, not all. Ultimately patrons have the final and decisive word. And how gratifying it is to see that the public has, as it were, ostracized those "stars" whose conduct in real life has become a notorious scandal. In this the producers have realized the people's mind.

Not so in advertising. One sees again and again that a modestly titled show, suggestive of a good, clean play, advertised with no special amount of sensational and lurid display, will invariably draw larger crowds than one whose title and advertisement are redolent of passion, sex, and scandal. When will producers realize this? The proper way to force them to it, is the way indicated above. Let our people be selective, not indiscriminate, in patronizing them.

"If Winter Comes"

We are impressed with three facts in reading present-day books. The first is that some authors who are Catholics have written novels without betraying their

Catholicity. They handle characters and events involving religion and life in just such a manner as a fair-minded non-Catholic might handle them. We hope they do not purpose thereby to serve mammon rather than their Master.

Again, one notices in most popular books a tendency to undue realism. Realism, indeed, is a quality to be striven after, but there are means and extremes here as elsewhere. Always to call a spade a spade may add a touch of sensual spice, but it is bound to shorten a book's immortality.

The third characteristic of modern books is their disregard of the Ten Commandments. We expect to see virtue, in whatever shape or form, come to its fitting reward, and vice punished. But the revenge of man is not a proper reward nor is all manner of worldly prosperity righteous. "If Winter Comes" is a masterpiece of plot and style, and we regard the author as a literary artist; but it comes as a severe shock at the end of the story to read that the hero's springtime, after winter's trials, is his divorce from a heartless wife and marriage to another whom he had always loved. Writing thus, approvingly, as it were, of such a marriage, an author does much to minimize the express law of God, and, we fear, to make divorce and subsequent marriage seem less evil.

Common Prayer

Lent is a time for renewing one's interior life. In our capacity as a family magazine, we would propose as a point to be stressed, daily prayers—morning, meals, and night—said faithfully by each individual and, whenever possible, in common by the family. For the individual they are of prime necessity as a means to keep safe the precious gift of faith. For the family in common they are a bond of union before God, of blessing, and mutual edification to one another and to outsiders. This is a fact that cannot be too often emphasized. Let parents be guided by true Catholic instinct in this regard, not by the world.

A Reader Asks

May one eat brains on a day of abstinence? Not any more than one may eat sausage or steak. Brains are part of the animal, hence, meat.

Do the visits on All Souls Day cease at sunset, or may they be continued until midnight of November 2? The plenary indulgence may be gained from noon of the day preceding All Souls, until midnight of All Souls Day.

The Mask

NANCY BUCKLEY

My heart is a sad and empty thing;
Hushed is the song that Youth would sing,
But I wear a mask for the world to see,
And no one knows—save God and me.

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter VI

WHEN Johnson had gone, the certain mild excitement,—if excitement one might call it,—of the little party on the porch, found freer expression. Everyone present had felt some interest in Danny; for, although but a few days among them, and although occupying a more or less menial position, the farm hand had, one way or another, been brought already into rather close association with every one. The Colonel, who had from the first taken a strong fancy to the young man, stormed at the stupidity of the County officials, and darkly hinted at some villainy on the part of Johnson. Philip held his peace, and the stern, set look of his countenance gave but faint indication of the intensity of his feeling or the swiftness of his thoughts; for, in Danny's arrest, Philip could see only the hand of Johnson, and he was at the moment determined, not only to thwart Johnson's design, whatever it might prove to be, but also to get Danny out of jail that very night, if that were in any way possible. He was indignant, therefore, when Katherine Mitre offered the suggestion that, after all, they should not be surprised at the turn of events as Danny was, when all was said, an entire stranger,—and strange even for a stranger,—and she was spared from hearing a heated retort from her lover, only by her father's brusque interruption:

"Nonsense, daughter; don't be silly. You know nothing at all of character. You are no judge, at any rate, of the character of young men."

"Yes, I am, too, father," protested Katherine.

Involuntarily she glanced at Philip, and the confused looks and blushes of the two furnished delicious amusement to the Colonel and Willie Pat. Philip carried the situation off well by speaking up to admit that the joke was on him, and the laughter that followed lifted wonderfully the spirits of the little company, so that Philip's voice sounded care free and resonant when he said:

"Colonel, let us go into town and see what the matter is, and get Danny out of jail. It is a shame to let him remain there over night. If we cannot induce the judge to act at once, we may at least arrange to have him release Danny in the morning. The judge will give him his preliminary trial then at latest, and that will be tantamount to releasing him. Katherine can stay with Willie Pat while I am away, and, if

the girls are afraid, I can call Simkins from the barn and have him remain here on the porch until I get back."

"No, thank you, brother dear," mocked Willie Pat. "You may leave your precious Simkins safe in his barn,—have you got him in a stall? And I will not keep Katherine, either, unless she prefers to remain. There is no need of it in the least. Aunt Millie and I shall have no fears whatever. Besides, you will be back early, shan't you?"

"Oh, yes," assented Philip. "If we start at once, I should be able to interview the judge before he goes to bed, and maybe Danny and I will walk back together. If I cannot find the judge or cannot induce him to take action tonight, then I'll go around and chat with Danny a little while before returning. But, in any case, it will not be late."

And so Philip rode away with the Colonel and his daughter in the Colonel's old surrey, and Willie Pat, after watching them until they were swallowed up in the darkness, turned and, seating herself upon the porch steps, rested her head against a pillar, and gazed long into the deep, starry sky. The stars were unusually bright, it seemed, tonight, especially the larger and nearer ones, which Willie Pat thought she had never seen more soft or more luminous.

"The silence almost sings," murmured the girl, "it keeps one so aware of it all the time."

The great silence of the hills was, indeed, all around her, the silence of the hills in the early nights of summer. No chorusing of young frogs nor call of kildees came up from the "branch" as it used to come in the recent springtime; no dry, insistent clamor of katydids enlivened the trees as it would soon in the later summer and early fall; no moaning now of the winds in bare branches as in the stormy winter weather. Not even a whippoorwill nor a distant mocking bird uttered a bubble of sound into the sea-like silence. Only a faint murmur of the brook floated up, a low, steady monotone from the fall of water into the distant pool accompanying a sweeter, more varied treble from the "rifle" near Danny's cabin. Danny's cabin! It was of Danny that Willie Pat was thinking now. It was because she wished for time to think that she had let Katherine Mitre go.

Willie Pat, kind reader, had a clear and vigorous mind. She knew that what happened to Danny concerned her really. To lose a farm hand just now was no laughing matter; to be

required possibly to go into court and give public testimony,—no matter of what nature,—would be very embarrassing to her, to say the least; if Johnson, as the Colonel had hinted, was Danny's enemy, she must choose, at least in her own mind, to stand upon one side or the other. This she knew. And now it came over her suddenly that there could be no doubt as to which side in the quarrel must be hers. Danny was noble-minded, Danny was clean-minded, Danny was generous, Danny was chivalrous, Danny was warm-hearted and impulsive, Danny was dark-haired and blue-eyed and straight and graceful and handsome. Ah, Willie Pat, you also are generous and warm-hearted and loyal, and even your very clear mind must act strongly now, lest your warm heart run away with it. Willie Pat, suppose this stranger, Danny, is a criminal? You do not know. Is he not an entire stranger? Is he not strange for a stranger even, as Katherine said? Strange? What was strange about him except that he was different? Was he to be suspected because he was not like the common run? It was unkind of Katherine to mention such a thing. Johnson was at the bottom of the deplorable situation. Johnson was jealous. Had it come to this? Had she encouraged Johnson so far that now he deemed that he had a right to be jealous of her. The thought was startling. Willie Pat was clean and wholesome in her whole being. She knew Johnson was not. Willie Pat was the soul of honor; Johnson's honor she did not trust. He was strong, handsome, accomplished, widely admired, but he was not her sort. Her mother, were she living, would worry over the growth of their acquaintance. But Danny?

"No," Willie Pat breathed aloud, "mother would not worry about Danny. I understand why. Danny has the soul of a gentleman. Now I understand why I have always been afraid of something in Johnson; he has not the soul of a gentleman. His finished manners do not hide the repelling thing beneath."

Far in the western sky the evening star was sinking toward the horizon. Willie Pat's wide, grey eyes gazed at it steadily and with a troubled, longing look. In the distance, beneath the star, lay the little graveyard where her mother slept.

"Mother," whispered the girl, "I am going to be a good daughter. Make me know what you would wish, for I am sure *that* would be right, and I will try so hard to do it. But, mother, *do* like Danny. Your spirit can guide him as it often guides me, mother. And maybe he needs help now."

Tears were by this time glistening in Willie Pat's eyes, but they were not bitter tears. She

arose and, with a parting look toward the setting star and the restful little cemetery, passed sedately into the house.

Sometime in the night, Willie Pat awoke from a sweet and peaceful slumber. The faint glow in her room made her wonder whether it could be already dawn. But no; the light upon her walls was tinged with red. Also, if it were dawn, her *four* windows would be alight, whilst now certainly only two were glowing. These two faced toward town.

"It is a fire in the city," reflected Willie Pat, as she arose to go to a window. The view confirmed her judgment. A broad strip of the western horizon was a dull, sullen red, and beneath the middle of this strip was an angrier, brighter spot about which at moments, Willie Pat thought she could detect the tips of flame-tongues. She went to call Philip, but, receiving no reply to her summons, opened his room door. He was not there. Willie Pat lighted a match. The clock on Philip's mantel showed *one*. Dismayed somewhat, Willie Pat returned to her own room to watch the fire. It had died down noticeably, but the young watcher thought she could hear a crackling she had not noticed when the flames were at their height. But no, it was not the crackling of burning timbers, Willie Pat judged. It was a sputtering, popping sound, as of firearms. One of the hardware stores it was that burned down, and now the heat was exploding the stock of cartridges and shotgun shells. That would be dangerous for every one nearby. She hoped that Philip for once would not be so venturesome as to be near at hand. No doubt, though, it was precisely the fire that had detained him. Nervous and disturbed, she was about to return to her pillow when she heard Aunt Millie calling her:

"O Miss Willie! O Miss Willie!"

"What is it, Aunt Millie?"

"Kin I come up?"

There was a catch in the old negro's voice that made Willie Pat assent at once.

"Come up, Aunt Millie," she called; "what is the matter?"

When Aunt Millie entered the room, she was uttering subdued sobs.

"Light the lamp, Aunt Millie, and let me see you; and tell me what is the matter."

Aunt Millie did as she was directed, and then sat down upon a padded stool beside the bed. Willie Pat gazed at her, at first in surprise, then with impatience, but last with great pity, for the faithful old woman was a picture of abject misery.

"Aunt Millie," now spoke Willie Pat in her kindest tone, "now tell me what is the matter."

"Oh, Miss Willie, 'taint right fo' de white

folks to shoot dat boy. He didn't set 'at house afire. He was home wif his own mammy dat night, case I know he was."

"I don't know what you are talking about, Aunt Millie. Who has shot any boy?"

"Didn't yo' hear dem shots an' see de fire in town jes a while ago. I bet de mob done shot him an' burnt de jail up case dey was so mad."

Willie Pat's heart jumped. If the jail was burnt—

"Dat boy was a good boy," continued Aunt Millie. "He worked fo' Mr. Porter fo' three years an' done everything jes' like he was tole. Mr. Porter sent him away case he smashed up de automobile tryin' to pass a big machine on de hill, and den, when de house burn down dat night, folks said he done it, an' he was arrested an' put in jail."

"I had not heard anything of that, Millie. Who is Mr. Porter?"

"He lives over in Stoniwah County. Dey brought de colored boy here for fear of a mob. But I reckon de mob got him anyway."

"What colored boy is it?"

"He's my sister's boy, Peter,— my sister Lucy. She used to live down dar in de cabin 'fo' you was born. Den she married dat no 'count nigger from Stoniwah County an' moved over dar. It aint right, Miss Willie, fo' you all white folks to kill us niggers dat way."

"It is never right to commit murder, Aunt Millie," replied Willie Pat, "and I hope you are mistaken about a mob in town tonight. Where did the mob come from? There has been no excitement in Dunsboro. And why should a mob come from away off to get Peter? Now, if he had killed someone, relatives and neighbors might be so incensed as not to risk waiting for the law to act; but, you say, the worst thing charged against him is burning this Mr. Porter's house."

"He didn't burn de house, I tole you. He was wif his own mammy. What made de people so mad, I reckon, was because one of de chillun was hurted gittin' her out of de fire, an' she died de other night."

"How do you happen to know all this, Millie?"

"Some niggers tole me. Dey was down by de spring, an' when I went down to fix de bucket while you all was on de front po'ch, I was talkin' to 'em. De bucket got jammed at de turn, an' I went down to fix it. Dey said dey was f'm Stoniwah County an' was goin' into Dunsboro."

"I hope it is all untrue, Millie, and I won't believe it until we know for sure. Philip will surely be home now at any minute, and he can tell us whether it is true or not. There's the

gate now,—did you hear it? It is Philip, I am sure."

Willie Pat was right, for in a few minutes she heard Philip's key in the lock and Philip's foot upon the stair. She stopped him as he passed along the hall to his own room, and made him come in. He did not seem surprised at finding her awake and with Aunt Millie. He looked pale and preoccupied.

"What detained you so long, Philip?" she inquired; and what was the fire, and the noise like shooting? Tell me quickly."

"Did dey all kill Peter, Mr. Philip? Did dey kill him?"

Surprised at these questions, Philip looked at his latest questioner, and answered her first. There was something in Aunt Millie's worried countenance that touched him.

"No," he spoke slowly, "Peter has not been killed. No one has been killed, I believe."

"T'ank de Lord!" ejaculated Aunt Millie, as she began to rock herself back and forth upon the stool, to which she somehow seemed frozen.

"Was it the jail that burnt?" questioned Willie Pat eagerly. "And what of Danny? Philip, tell me," she commanded, as Philip hesitated, as if to consider.

"Danny is all right," at length replied her brother.

Relieved as Willie Pat was at this announcement, she did not find it fully satisfactory, and the now distinctly humorous smile that broke over Philip's pale countenance provoked in her a further sense of mystery.

"Why don't you tell me?" she demanded.

For answer he said: "Aunt Millie ought to go to bed. We shall want breakfast early tomorrow morning, and she should be asleep."

"Aunt Millie has been so worried, Philip. Tell her again that no harm has come to Peter, and then she will go to bed and sleep soundly."

Philip loved his sister dearly, but dearly, too, he loved to tease her.

"Peter," he announced judicially, "is as safe from harm as Danny. Just as safe. Just exactly as safe."

"Oh, Philip," reproved Miss Willie Pat impatiently; and then:

"Aunt Millie, go down to bed. You'll need your rest. I am so glad Peter is safe."

"Danny, too," put in Philip as Aunt Millie passed through the doorway, moaning to herself in comfort. "Aren't you glad that Danny is safe?"

"Philip," replied Willie Pat soberly, "of course I am glad that Mr. Lacey is safe, for I have been afraid. But you have been so unsatisfactory. Now, tell me what kept you so

late, and what was the excitement in Dunsboro?"

"There was plenty of excitement," declared Philip, "and it is not all over yet. And, believe me, Sis, our friend Danny was right in the midst of it. I'll tell you all about it in the morning; but you tell me now what was the matter out here. And what was Aunt Millie up here for, and what was she all excited about? Has anything been going wrong? That fellow Simkins was on my mind all the time,—except while things were hottest."

"We have not seen nor heard of Simkins since you left. Aunt Millie was all wrought up about her sister's boy, Peter. She thought they were lynching him in Dunsboro when she saw the flames and heard the sound of guns. Some strange negroes told her all about the trouble in Stoniawah County."

"Where did she see these negroes from Stoniawah County?"

"She said she saw them down by the spring, and that they were going into Dunsboro."

"Oh—o—o—h," ejaculated Philip. Then: "Well, I'll be —."

"What? What do you mean?"

"Well, I'll be —," repeated Philip.

"Philip," cried Willie Pat, stamping her foot. "You are forgetting yourself! Can't you do anything but stand there informing me that you'll be —? Can't you tell me what has happened and what they have done?"

"No, Sis. There's has been so much to happen that I cannot tell it all at once. I am just beginning to understand it myself; but I'll tell you the things you want to know most, and then you must go to sleep. You can hear all about the rest in the morning. For one thing, then, Danny is out of jail. But he is not acquitted, and he is not out on bond; he simply took 'French leave.' We shall see him, very probably, tomorrow morning. The negro in jail was not hurt at all, so Aunt Millie need not worry; the mob did not catch him nor scratch him. He is out of jail also. You may see him in the morning, too, if you want to."

Willie Pat ignored the provoking grin that accompanied this, and Philip continued:

"The fire didn't amount to anything; it was only the old barn that still stood on the vacant lot where the Todd house burnt down a few years ago. The shots you heard did not amount to anything, either. They were not fired at anyone and did not strike anyone. It was just some nigger doings in another part of town. I did not see the judge at all as he was out of the city, but I saw the sheriff just before leaving, and he admitted that was Johnson that had sworn out the warrant for Danny's arrest.

The charge was, shooting at and wounding. You remember hearing that shot this afternoon from down toward the cabin? It was Simkins, no doubt, that fired it. No one else was about. No wonder Johnson was angry; though he escaped narrowly enough, for the ball grazed his ear. Of course, we can easily prove that Danny did not fire it. Well, I'm going to bed; so, good night, Sis. Aren't you glad everything is all right after the excitement?"

Willie Pat was glad; and in a few moments she and all the lately disturbed household were peacefully asleep.

(To be continued)

Sonnets of Holy Quest

1. At the Crossways

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

Between the starless nights of womb and tomb,
Shall reason's self-reliant one-day-peep
Scan present, future, into glory sweep,
And mark if Hands or clockwork rule life's loom?

Shall the proud sage avail, when wilful gloom
And, dagger-poised, his soul all-frenzied keep,
To oust or strengthen to conviction deep
Her something hope in Heaven and dread of doom?

Or shall the wizard mid nocturnal shades
Win Truth from trances of unmaiden'd maids?
What bee seeks treasure in the bruised flower?

Present and future both transcend our power;
Delve we the *past's* firm ore,—it holds perchance
Some radium-shimmering of God's kindly glance.

On Two Holy Mountains of Palestine

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

Mount Tabor, near Nazareth, in Palestine, has for centuries been named the Holy Mountain. Although not mentioned expressly in the Gospels as the "High Mountain" of the Transfiguration, it has been considered so from the Gospel times. It is certainly the outstanding mountain in Galilee, for though not being much higher than the mountain range of Gelboe across the plain of Jezrael, yet it is more imposing, standing entirely by itself, rising straight out of the plain, and being in the north separated by deep gorges from the mountain range which encloses Nazareth, and then runs North through Galilee.

There are two main approaches to the Holy Mountain. Coming from Jerusalem my road, and passing through Nablus (Samaria) and Jenin, one can turn to the right near Naim, and drive up the winding road. The other approach

is by a bridle path from Nazareth across three lower mountains and three gorges, until one strikes the carriage road up the mountain. This is the shorter and less comfortable route. As I was alone, and did not know the way, I accepted the offer of a farm horse to ride the distance of 12 miles. There were no saddle and no stirrups, but a few sacks strapped on the back of the animal; no kind of hold or rest for the legs. On went the tame beast up and down narrow and steep paths covered with stones or slippery worn-out rocks, along steep slopes where a false step might have led to a fall into the gorge. After holding out bravely for two hours I preferred to walk downhill. Having reached half the height of the mountain, I took my luggage and walked the last two miles, because I wanted the driver and the horse to reach home before it was completely dark.

The Franciscan Father and Lay Brother gave me generous hospitality, and I had a good rest in the cool air of the mountain. At four in the morning I stood on the balcony to watch the sun rise. It was very foggy and the sun had risen considerably over the horizon before his disc could be faintly distinguished; then he looked dark red, growing lighter, and finally white. Light clouds still shrouded him and sometimes passed him like streaks of smoke, until finally King Sol appeared in his full splendour. The light clouds reminded me of the one into which Moses and Elias entered at the Transfiguration. I said Mass at 5 o'clock in the little Chapel, which will soon be replaced by the new magnificent Church. One can always say the Mass of the Transfiguration on the Holy Mountain, and of course every word of the Mass receives here a special and realistic meaning. I had time to have a look at the new Church which is nearing completion. Its building is a big task, as not only the material has to be dragged up the mountain (which rises over 1,500 feet from the plain) but even the water for the building has to be carried up on camels' backs. The new Church is erected on the foundations of an early Christian and a Crusaders' Church. The latter was served by Benedictines, and there are still remains of their Monastery on the Gospel side, and of their guest house on the Epistle side.

The return journey I made on the Monastery horse, which went to Nazareth to fetch provisions. We passed a number of farms where thrashing was going on according to Old Testament methods. Round the small ricks a layer of wheat sheafs was spread. Horses or donkeys either walked on them round and round, or they pulled a board weighted by the driver or a few children. The first method

left the straw intact, the latter broke it up into small bits for fodder. Moses forbade the muzzling of animals thus occupied in thrashing. The road from Nazareth to Haifa led through a number of farming villages, and judging from their ricks they must have had a good harvest. We also passed through two Jewish colonies. Both belonged formerly to large landowners and brought in very little. The Jewish Colonist Societies have spent much money and labour in making the marshy tracts fertile and salubrious, and the square planned villages with their white houses and red roofs make a pleasant sight in the long stretch of the brown fields and green plantations.

Mount Carmel, the Holy Mountain of the Prophet Elias, and of Our Blessed Lady, I reached two days after the great feast of the Scapular, but still within the Octave. The well known English Superior, Father Lamb, received me with the greatest kindness. I said the special Mass of Our Lady of Mount Carmel before the miraculous statue. During the day and the night the mountain, usually so quiet, became full of life and animation. Next day was the feast of Saint Elias, the wakes of Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans. Booths with refreshments were erected on the three squares. Whole families came up and camped out under the olive trees, sleeping on mats or carpets. Up and down they walked in groups, talking, joking, greeting their friends and trying to avoid collisions with the motors or carriages which brought new visitors or spectators up. Others sat on the garden wall looking at the throng which went up and down the road in front of the Monastery. One saw groups of veiled Moslem women who were never accompanied by a man; on the other hand the European dressed Palestinian women were usually with their husbands. A number of babies were carried up and down by their mothers, but one hardly ever heard them cry. When the night became cooler there was some dancing in the open, to simple music. There was much noise till midnight, but no rowdiness, no drinking, no quarrelling. The nearest approach to the steam organ of an English wake was a single gramophone, and there was also a primitive hand-moved carroussel. All the pleasures were so simple and, as it were, home made, that it helped one to imagine what an English village festival must have been in Catholic times.

At five in the morning I said the special Mass of St. Elias. The Church was filling with people, most of whom were not Catholics. So one could understand that they paid no attention to the Mass, but they went to the grotto of the Prophet under the High Altar to kiss the rocks

and the Altar, or they tried to touch the statue of the saint (his feet, his hands, his face) with their hands or hats or handkerchiefs, and afterwards rubbed with them their faces and those of their children. After High Mass at the procession round the large square, men of different religions carried the statue high up with outstretched arms, and everyone considered it a privilege to take a turn in this honourable but fatiguing task, yet without any pushing or disorder. Whilst all the time a humming noise had filled the Church, everything was perfectly quiet as soon as the sermon began. This was followed by the ceremony of dedicating children four years old to Saint Elias. A priest first says some prayers, then cuts three locks of hair from the head of the child, and afterwards says an act of dedication. Many non-Christians put their child under the protection of the Prophet. I was told that the motive for the great devotion to Saint Elias is fear. The people round about Carmel know what a terrible power he had of calling fire down from heaven; so they try to stand with him on a friendly footing. There is no doubt that he will find a hearing in this neighbourhood when he will come back again to announce the second coming of Our Lord.

I was privileged to spend the week-end in the most remarkable place connected with Saint Elias, viz., the "Place of Sacrifice." It is unmistakably described by Holy Scripture as the highest peak of Mount Carmel. A Carmelite Church marks the spot, and not far from it is the well from which the water was fetched which the Prophet poured on the victim, and the wood, so as to show there was nothing inflammable. The well has never been known to run dry. Most of us in our younger days were impressed with the Bible narrative or the picture of the 450 priests of Baal, dancing round the altar of their false god, and of the fire which came down on the sacrifice of Elias and consumed the victim, the dripping wood, the stones, and even licked up the water that had gathered in the trench round the altar. The place is comfortably reached on horseback from the Monastery within five hours. The ride on the horse, which carried provisions to the little community of the "Place of Sacrifice," was much more easy and less fatiguing than that to Mount Tabor. The road and then the bridle path lead gradually up along the ridges of the mountain range, from its most northern point to its southern extremity. One can see the length of it from the mountains and plains of Galilee; but one has no idea of its width, its many gorges and valleys, and branching-off mountains, carrying villages and protecting

fertile slopes covered with fields and vineyards and trees, or decorated with various kinds of shrubs and flowers. Although the harvest was over and many plants were dried up, yet there were still many flowers and the bushes had lost nothing of their various greens. No wonder that in the time of the blossoms the vegetation of Carmel was considered the summary and climax of all earthly beauty, the reflex of the eternal mountains of God and the symbol of the spiritual splendour of the Queen of Heaven.—*"Birmingham Catholic Magazine."*

Dust Thou Art

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Thou art a handful of earth's clay,
A charnel house of foul decay—
When life's short term is spent.
What folly, then, to fling away
The gold that buys sweet bliss for aye—
On outer ornament!

Devil's Neck, N. M.

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

I am alone in the world. Four years have I taught at Devil's Neck, a copper town in the southwest. I came west to regain my health or to die gracefully. Rebellion was in my heart, rebellion toward God. Why did I have to get it? What had I ever done? Wasn't it enough that I had no family, no relatives, no home? Must I get the worst of it always?

Father Kearney, dear Father Kearney, with a ready smile and Kerry blue eyes, seemed to read my thoughts, and gently led me again toward Hope; taught me to say: "Thy will be done"; secured the little school for me. Today I love the desert, the people, the far away mountains from which come inspiration. Father taught me to see God's hand in everything, to accept smilingly, cheerfully all that came to me. Nights as I sit and watch the desert moon I no longer yearn for the life I lived back in New Hampshire. This placid, commonplace life is my ideal. When Tommy Ryan cuts his finger, or Rafeal Artega blacks Louis Benkoski's eye, I know how to cope with it. If there is a death or a funeral, next to Father Kearney, I am chief counsellor.

And for this humble work Father tells me God called me here, and my way is to walk alone in the world. When I came west, with tuberculosis, my sweetheart and I decided to release each other. He was heart-broken at the time. Six months later he married. Father taught me to swallow bravely, every thought of it.

Ray Kennedy, a scholar of mine, whose father was lost in the Will Be Mine, could not stay put. I tried kindness, firmness, all the wiles of a teacher. In despair I brought him to Father Kearney, who played ball with him, loaned him books and made a place for him on the altar. Ray went to Confession every Saturday for two years, and was so good his mother declared he was a changeling. Then, to the astonishment of every one in Devil's Neck, except Father Kearney, Ray entered the Seminary.

When Aradeen McCoy, the superintendent's daughter, was ill, Father went to her every day. Later, as she regained health and strength, she said she was sorry she did not die. Father had made death so beautiful.

Ramona Chavez stepped on a nail, and when Dr. Carnahan gave her up, Father went to her, read over her. A week later little Ramona was out playing hop scotch.

On a wonderful moon-flooded night last May Father came to me. He was bothered. There was in our town a stranger, a man in uniform. Tall, slim, straight, he moved with easy grace. There was about him the poise and assurance of one accustomed to being observed in a crowd. Father's idea was that the man was shell shocked. It was our duty to help him to his people.

I had talked to the man and he had also bothered me, for he was thirty-two, handsome as a collar "ad," and apparently no anchor to the windward. Why had the women of the world allowed him to escape? He was an unusual man. He showed me a locket containing the picture of a woman and asked me to find her for him! He said her eyes were blue as wood violets, and her hair was like ripe wheat after a rain. We sat on Father Kearney's porch as he told me this. Above us the southern cross showed white. The deep, calm, serene silence of the desert was around us.

Abruptly I asked: "What did you do before you entered the Army?"

"I took care of children," he replied.

Immediately I classed him as a new kind of liar. I felt he was trying to hide something. So, next day, when I saw him gallop out across the desert, I went into his room and searched his belongings. I was rewarded. There was a discharge bearing the name of Roger Clark, 130th Inf. We of Devil's Neck knew him as Morris Baldwin.

Father Kearney wrote to the nearest Red Cross office and in an amazingly short time came the reply: Roger Clark was a doctor—a children's specialist.

The last day of school he took part in my program. We walked to the Inn together. In

the office was a woman and a child—a woman with eyes like wood violets and hair like ripe wheat after a rain. She rose from her chair and stood majestic in her calmness. Roger Clark rubbed his hand across his eyes. The child spoke: "Is that my papa?"

The woman stood mute. Again the child spoke: "Papa, don't you know me?" and he walked into his father's arms. As I left, Roger said: "It's your turn, Clara."

Father Kearney was at the train to wish them Godspeed. Laughingly he waved to them as the long train pulled out and crept across the red sands of the desert. He walked back to his little frame cottage with its hedge of stunted cottonwoods and its moon vine over the porch, leaving me to marvel at him. Always cheerful, poor, no comforts, three missions, sixty Mexican families, ten German, seven Polish, fourteen Indian, and twenty Irish; a debt on the little church.

Answered

NELLIE C. MAGENNIS

"And what is rest?" a little child asked one day—

While blush-red roses richly gleamed
Against the ivied wall; and ocean spray
Restless and ever tossing lay

Against the tall white cliffs—their forehead seamed
By the long centuries through which they gleamed.

"Ah, *what* is rest?" she asked a maiden fair,
With close-clasped hands, and eyes that pierced the gloom

Of slumbrous night. If distant heaven, there,
Would but her ancient silence once forswear.
But no, there is no pause to life's great loom.
And is there dreamless rest within the tomb?

"Oh where is rest?" she cried, a woman old,
Gazing far out in life's unresting tide.
An angel at the close-barred gate replied:
"Rest?" Not by this life's wayside.
Thy burden yet unloosed, thy beads untold,
No one shall open thee the gate of gold.

And thou must bear unto the end, though seas
Encompass—and though earth and heaven
Deny thee daily that one bit of leaven
For which thy tears are shed. The bright links riven
Are only counts of time that soon shall be
The golden hourglass of eternity.

Thy passport—white-flecked waves—and cruel thorns—
The bruised and bleeding feet—the failing light—
The blossoms gathered through the deepening night
Of noiseless pain. Thy garment dazzling white
Of patience—resignation, and the hope upborne
Of love-crowned life eternal in another morn.

A Faithful Shepherd

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

THE new century had scarcely been ushered in. Father Gilbert had just been placed in charge of a small parish at P——, which had several missions attached, one that we shall call St. Peter's, twenty-two miles to the north, the other, St. Paul's, ten miles to the south.

The Saturday on which this narrative opens the zealous pastor and missionary had set out with his faithful Judy to give his flock at St. Peter's services on the morrow. The tedious journey over—Fords were not yet invented—the good Father looked forward to a wholesome night's rest in the country far from the din of city life.

That rest, however, was not to be his, for shortly before dusk a sick call was announced from the southernmost part of his territory. That meant a drive of sixty-four miles before the next day's work began.

Provision having been made for a relay of horses, the pastor left with the greatest possible speed for the home of Mrs. C. This poor woman had been reared a Catholic, but living for years far from Church, her religion had suffered much, at least in practice. Yet she received holy viaticum to the edification even of her four daughters, who had all been but poorly instructed in the faith and were now married outside the Church. It was about two o'clock in the morning when Father Gilbert had finished the sacred function. Immediately afterward the door to an adjoining room was swung open and the savory scent of a rich spread urged him to partake of a refreshing lunch. But what was the astonishment of the hospitable people when he said: "My good ladies, before I may take a bite to eat and a drop to drink, I must drive another thirty-two miles and hold services for my people. This is Sunday morning, you know."

"Why, Father," exclaimed Mrs. N., "is this Lent? I used to hear mother speak of the Lenten fast."

"No, it is not the Lenten fast, just the ordinary fast that every priest must keep. The law of the Church prescribes that the priest who says Mass must be fasting from midnight on,

likewise the faithful who wish to receive Holy Communion."

"But mother wasn't fasting that long. Just before you came we gave her something to eat and drink."

"That's a different thing. Your mother is dangerously ill and she received Holy Communion as viaticum, which is the special food of the soul for its journey into eternity. In this case the law of fasting does not oblige. She would even be permitted to receive viaticum frequently without fasting, provided the danger of death continued."

"Possibly our clocks are fast," interrupted another of Mrs. C's daughters.

"Yes, I noticed that they were slightly ahead of time, but not far enough to be before midnight."

"In that case," inquired a third, "by which clock would you have to go?"

"We may follow any recognized time, whether it be sun time, standard time, or even daylight saving time. If the authorities were to move the clocks an hour ahead, we should be allowed to eat something or take a drink even at five minutes before one and then receive Holy Communion on the same day. For, after all, according to the

Lord's time it would not yet be twelve."

"But, Father, why should the Church exact such a sacrifice at all?" asked Mrs. N. further.

"It is true that at times this law is rather inconvenient, and it will make it hard for me today. Yet, the same is true of all people who must make a long trip to church and receive Holy Communion at a late hour. But the Lord will compensate such a sacrifice with a rich reward."

"Then, there are reasons why she does demand the sacrifice. In the first place, the body should also contribute something towards a worthy preparation for receiving Christ. The body of the recipient comes into the closest contact with the Sacred Body and the Precious Blood of Christ. Not only the heart, but the body itself, can be called Christ's tabernacle. The same body is sanctified, ennobled, and



I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD

adorned with precious gifts through the Holy Eucharist. Hence, since the body has a great share in the blessings of Holy Communion, it is not more than proper that the body, too, should do its part in preparing the way of the Lord. But what contribution can it offer towards such an important task? Certainly very little. Therefore this little should be done cheerfully.

"Its first duty is to abstain from food and drink as the law of the Church requires. The honor of the Blessed Sacrament seems to demand that this heavenly meat be not mingled with ordinary food, that the bread of the soul be eaten before the body receives its nourishment, that the lips, over which the precious Body and Blood are to pass, be not opened first to less noble viands.

"As I hinted a while ago, fasting has always been regarded as a means of sanctifying the body and of making it more fit to approach heavenly things the more it becomes detached from earthly objects. Thus, Moses observed a strict fast of forty days in order to become more worthy to receive the table of stones from the hand of God. Likewise Elias abstained from all manner of food and drink for the same number of days with a view to draw nigh to the Lord on the holy mount, where he was to behold God. Now, whosoever communicates, receives immensely more than tables of stone, he comes much nearer to the Lord than did Elias. Therefore, a few hours' fast is not asking much as a preparation for such a favor as is the communication of Christ Himself to us in Holy Communion.

"Moreover, we poor sinners ought to do a little penance. The saints were wont to perform great acts of austerity in consideration of Holy Communion soon to be received. But since most Christians are so remiss in this point of penance, they ought to be eager to make at least this little sacrifice of the Eucharistic fast, which is then crowned by this sublime act of union. But my time is limited. God be with your mother to the end and may He bless you all."

Father Gilbert, who was still young in the priesthood, sprang into his conveyance and sped northward through the fresh air of the wee small hours of the morning that he might keep his appointment and fulfill his Sunday obligation. When he finally reached his destination, the sun was already high in the heavens and the last bell was summoning the people to High Mass. The zealous priest stood the strain remarkably well. In was not until after the services that a great relaxation came upon him.

At the home of Mrs. C. a deep impression had

been made on the minds of those members of the family who should have been Catholics but were not. Father Gilbert's devotion to duty and the great sacrifice he had made to perform it was a source of admiration and the topic of much discussion. "The poor priest! How tired he must be at this hour!" and similar expressions could be heard occasionally during the forenoon. And again: "Surely many Catholics do not realize what their priests do for them; a religion that inspires such sacrifices and gives the courage and strength to make them, must be the true one; how the Eucharist is treasured by Catholics; many more would be Catholics if they only knew all this."

Mrs. C. died. Her four daughters returned to their duties. One of them, Mrs. N., became a very active and zealous worker for the mission. And she it was who was greatly instrumental in procuring a new church.

* * * * *

For many years, as often as Father Gilbert came for service, Mrs. N. was always in her pew. At last the priest missed her several times in succession. On making inquiry, he learned of the good woman's illness. Hence he lost no time in fulfilling in her case the sixth corporal work of mercy—to visit the sick. Like the Good Shepherd, he went after his sheep. In reply to his query, why she had not called him, the patient answered: "O Father, I did not wish to bother you. I am not dangerously sick and I couldn't receive any way, for I couldn't observe the Eucharistic fast as you explained it when our dear mother received the last sacraments. At least the doctor would not allow me to do so."

"Well, that was a good many years ago. I have some later news for you than that. When Pope Pius X, of holy memory, issued his famous decree on frequent Communion (Dec. 20, 1905), he emphasized above all our great need of Holy Communion. This heavenly food was to be regarded rather as a means to overcome our great weakness than as a reward for virtue. He even broke down some of the barriers which we might have considered as necessary dictates of reverence. Consequently this epoch-making decree was followed up (Dec. 7, 1906) by a concession in favor of the sick who have been afflicted for a month and have no certain hope of recovering soon. On the advice of the confessor these are permitted to communicate once or twice a month, even after having taken some liquid food. In houses where the Blessed Sacrament was preserved, the inmates enjoyed the same privilege as often as once or twice a week."

"That's surely good news, Father. May I also have the benefit of this great privilege?"

"Certainly. But wait till you hear of another modification in your favor. The new code of canon law, which went into effect in 1918, says that 'Those who have been down with sickness for a month, may, when there is no certain hope of speedy recovery, on the prudent advice of their confessor, receive Holy Communion once or twice a week even though they have previously taken some medicine or something after the manner of drink.'

"That would hardly cover my case, for I am not down in bed all day."

"The expression, 'to be down,' must not be interpreted too literally, for Rome says (March 7, 1907) that it applies also to those who cannot remain abed all the time or who are able to be up a few hours each day."

"But suppose I should get well in a short time. I am hoping and praying for health."

"I do not want to discourage you, yet after such a long illness you can hardly expect to recover, except by miracle, within four or five days."

"Yes, that's so. You don't know how comforting it is to the sick to hear that they may receive Holy Communion even after taking liquid foods and medicines. Does that include tablets too? I have to take some every morning."

"You need have no scruple on that account, for the recent concession of the Holy See speaks of medicine or something after the manner of drink. Now everybody knows that medicine is put up in the form of pills and tablets to make it easier to take. But it is different with food, which may be taken only in the form of liquid."

"Maybe if I tried my best, I could fast on Communion days."

"You need not try it, for the wording of the new law is so broad that it does not even state expressly that the patient must be unable to observe the natural fast in order to take advantage of this privilege of receiving twice a week. When there is a doubt as to your ability to fast, I should not scruple to give you Communion twice a week, after you have taken medicine or liquid nourishment. In your condition you could use this privilege on two days of the week without fasting and receive on the other five days fasting and in this way be a daily communicant, that is, if you were within easy reach of the priest."

"How good the Church is to the sick. Father, I can never forget the long trip you had to make, and on an empty stomach at that, when you gave the last sacraments to my dear mother. Why doesn't the Church think of her hard-working priests too and make it easier

for them? How can you stand such hardships?"

"Well, she hasn't entirely forgotten her priests. There are a good many who have great difficulty in observing the Eucharistic fast on Sundays and holy days because they have to say two Masses, perhaps at stations that are far apart, or there is a wait of some hours between Masses. Since last spring (March 22, 1923) whenever priests have to binate, or say Mass at a very late hour, and they cannot keep the Eucharistic fast without great personal injury, either on account of poor health, or because of too much work or for other reasonable causes, the bishops may obtain a dispensation by applying to the Congregation of the Holy Office at Rome, explaining carefully all circumstances. In urgent cases even the bishops may grant this dispensation, permitting such priests to take some nourishment in liquid form, providing intoxicating drinks be excluded, that there be no scandal, and that the Holy See be informed as soon as possible. This dispensation is granted, not to satisfy the private devotion of the priest or for his utility, but solely for the spiritual welfare of the faithful."

"I am glad you told me all this, Father. God grant you many years in His service for the salvation of souls,"

* * * * *

When Father Gilbert had services at his mission again, a little surprise was in store for him. After Mass there was a knock at the sacristy door. Whom should he find there but the maid of Mrs. N. "Father," she continued, after an apology for her intrusion, "Mrs. N. sent me over with this bowl of broth for you. She says that since you have two missions to attend and you don't need to fast any more, she wanted to make sure that you got something to strengthen you before you went back for service in your parish. I am not a Catholic, you know, but I have learned a lot about your religion from Mrs. N."

"You tell Mrs. N.," he replied with a broad smile lighting up his face, "that I am very grateful to her for her thoughtfulness, but before I am dispensed from the fast between Masses, I must first apply to the bishop. Yet, as long as I can stand it without detriment to my work, you can be sure that I will not ask for a dispensation. Without doubt the good Lord will amply repay me for the sacrifice that is required of me for His sake."

"Well, did you ever!" exclaimed Mrs. N. when the maid returned with the broth. "I am edified more now than I was twenty years (Continued on page 376)"

The Holy Grail

The fifth panel of the Grail series of the Edwin A. Abbey frieze decoration in the Boston Public Library is

THE CASTLE OF THE GRAIL

which we present herewith.

The fifth panel, which occupies the entire frieze at the north end of the room, closes the first part of the cycle, which the artist has here divided much as Goethe divided his *Faust* into a first and second part. Here we behold the arrival of Galahad in the great hall of the enchanted Castle of the Grail. The environment betokens a period very much earlier than that of the other compositions. In various things we see that the age is more primitive. For instance, we may note the comparatively rude character of the canopy that shelters King Amfortas, as contrasted with the luxurious elaboration of King Arthur's baldachin.

The feeble old king, worn by suffering, tosses uneasily upon his couch in a sort of waking sleep. Upon the whole court, with its knights, its ladies, and its priests, the same dreamlike spell is evident in the way that the shadowy figures reveal themselves in the dim recesses of the castle. The coming of Galahad has brought a gleam of life to them all; one feels the thrill of hope, of expectancy concerning the promised, the long-awaited, and blessed release that the coming of the pure young knight is to bring to the castle, his presence stirring the court as the earth is stirred at the break of dawn.

As befits the subject, the element of the mysterious, the symbolical, is here expressed with uncommon fulness and dramatic power. The exalted conception the solemn tone of the painting,—these grandly convey a sense of the en-

chanted, dreamlike existence to which the old king and his court are bound, and of the mystical pageantry of the guardianship of the Holy Grail.

In the midst of it all, vital and actual, stands the figure of Galahad, like a gleam of sunlight and a breath of pure air penetrating the realm of illusion, fresh from the world of reality. It symbolizes, perhaps, the extent to which human effort and intellectual endeavor may, unaided, enter into the mystery of existence and solve the secret of the divine—and the futility of the Quest as thus pursued; for, even though perceiving the illusion, the seeker is inevitably baffled in his search for what lies beyond. To that end he must seek aid beyond himself, outside of his own individual powers. At the side of Galahad there hangs the polished steel shield of the old king, reflecting the red of the young knight's robe. One feels that the reflection means the illusion whose significance the confident young hero cannot penetrate. Beyond the sleeping king there passes the wonderful procession of the Grail that Amfortas and his court are inhibited from seeing while it moves among them. Galahad is endeavoring in his own mind to solve the meaning of it all. There is the Bearer of the Grail, there is the Damsel with the Golden Dish whose prototype is Herodias, there are the two Knights each with a seven-branched Candlestick, there is the Knight who holds aloft the Bleeding Spear. It is ordained that Galahad shall ask the solving question, that he should demand the meaning of it all. Divine wisdom is not attained from one's own self alone: it must be sought of the experience and the knowledge possessed by others. Galahad deems his own schooling at the hands of



Copyright by Edwin A. Abbey; from a Copley Print

Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Publishers, Boston

THE CASTLE OF THE GRAIL

the sagacious Gurnemanz sufficient. He can guess the mystery, he thinks. In consequence the achievement of the Grail is long deferred. Others, whom then he might at once have helped, are obliged to suffer long and much.

The figure of Galahad, arrived at his goal, yet baffled in his quest, is one of the artist's finest triumphs in characterization. It is wonderfully sympathetic, as it is unspeakably lovely, as a presentment of pure and perfect youth. The stripling stands transfixed, with gaze mystified and yet lingeringly expectant, wondering at what lies about him, marvelling that the event he has confidently looked for does not happen, perplexed that the spell laid upon the shadowy throng about him is not broken, since the court palpably is touched by his presence, just as clouds begin to dissolve when the sunshine strives to break through. In contrast with Galahad's sunny brightness is the dreaming figure of the gaunt and spectral king. The hero is separated from his goal by scarcely an arm's length. His destiny is almost within his grasp. Yet he is fated to pursue the Quest through long and weary struggles.

(The sixth Panel will follow)

St. Cunegundes

A. C. MCK.

ST. CUNEGUNDES was the daughter of Siegfried, the first count of Luxemburg, and Hedeswige, his pious wife. In the education of Cunegundes the great truths of our holy religion were treated with the reverence due to the authority of the Church, and the foundation laid upon which, by the grace of God, was built a character the life of whom is an inspiration and an example for those who aspire to Christian perfection in the service of God and their neighbor in the world.

Cunegundes was married to St. Henry, then Duke of Bavaria. Upon the death of the emperor, Otho III, Henry was chosen king of the German-Roman empire on the sixth of June, 1002. St. Cunegundes was crowned empress on St. Laurence Day at Paderborn. Two years later she went with her husband to Rome and received the imperial crown from the hands of Pope Benedict VIII. Before the marriage, by St. Henry's consent, she made a vow of virginity. The emperor and his saintly queen lived in the strictest union of heart and mind, and in the numerous and arduous duties of their state always conspired to promote God's honor and the advancement of piety.

While making a retreat she fell dangerously ill. In her sickness she made a vow that if God would spare her life she would found a monas-

tery. Upon her recovery she built a stately edifice and gave it to the nuns of St. Benedict. Before it was finished, St. Henry died. She earnestly recommended his soul to the prayers of the nuns and expressed an earnest desire of joining them.

Her fortune had already been exhausted in pious works and in relieving the poor, and she had little left to give, but thirsting to embrace perfect evangelical poverty and to serve God with more complete detachment from the things of the world, she assembled the prelates of her church at Kaffungen on the anniversary of her husband's death. After the Gospel was sung at Holy Mass, she offered on the altar a piece of the true Cross and putting off her imperial robes, her hair was cut and she was clothed in a poor habit. Being consecrated to God in religion she seemed to have no remembrance of her former rank in the world. She considered herself the least in the house, and believed that she was indeed so before God. She prayed and read much and labored with her hands, and derived a singular pleasure from visiting and comforting the sick. In this way she passed the last fifteen years of her life.

In her last sickness, learning that the nuns were preparing a cloth fringed with gold to cover her after death, she was visibly affected, nor could she rest until promised she would be buried as a poor religious in her habit. She died on the third of March 1040, and was canonized by Innocent III in the year 1200.

St. Cunegundes was born and lived surrounded by wealth and all the circumstances and pomp of a royal court, yet, by the grace of God, she lived that life of detachment from the things of the world that enabled her to know it was a stewardship with which she was entrusted, and her possessions were not used for personal ends.

To St. Benedict

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

O Benedict, great champion of the Lord!
Three years of training in Subiaco's cave
Had made of thee a warrior wise and brave,
Who feared not Satan's hosts nor savage horde
Of barbarous invader. Not thy sword,
But mildness, changed these into grave
And humble dwellers in the cloistral nave,
Where brethren serve their God in sweet accord.

Oh, would that men to thee might come to learn
The law of charity, the golden rule!
Then soon their petty grievances would cease,
And to our hate-infected world return
The bracing atmosphere of thy monastic school,
Thy treasured heritage and motto—Peace.

Restoration of Society

MRS. J. T. WHIPPLE

"This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith."—1 John 5:4.

THERE can be no religion without faith, and a civilization builded on any other basis than the moral basis of true religion cannot survive. The fate of Rome and Byzantium awaits it.

Today we are warned by those who keep their finger on the pulse of society, that the world's condition is precarious and that civilization itself faces disaster unless the right force or power is brought to deflect it from the wrong course.

In the days of unity of faith civilization and Christianity marched hand in hand and neither the triumph of paganism nor the conquests of barbarians could stay that stride. Then came a halt. A great portion of the civilized world parted company with Faith, took Error as a partner, and started off on another trail to bring up into the blind alley in which it finds itself today. "Somewhere," says a writer, "human progress has taken a wrong turning, a turning which has led to drabness and injustice to ignorance, sin, and suffering. Civilization isn't a success."

The theory of private interpretation has destroyed the divine virtue of faith, and outside the path trodden by those who walk by the light of the true faith, contradiction of men's opinion has reduced the world to a state of intellectual and moral chaos.

God's word, unlike man's, is not subject to change, correction, and variation. It is a finished product. To put human opinions, logic, and deductions on a level with the word of God is to outrage truth.

Faith means submission. Obedience to faith brings that satisfaction and content which only a settled religious belief can give its devotees. This is the sure conviction which raises the heart high with confident hope, leads to peace in this life and eternal joys beyond.

It is the simple prescription for the world's ills. The grandest efforts of the world's brightest minds, unaided by the light of God's truth, are powerless to transform lives. These are "the dark brains coldly skilled in knowledge to pull down, but not to build; and blundering hands that level hope sublime down to the tomb."

Only one thing can save the world from the peril which it is facing—Religious Truth. Faith must be enkindled and hope revived. This is a supreme task to bring great masses of humanity, floundering in unbelief, error, and moral

corruption, back to the light of faith. But man's extremity is God's opportunity." God has provided for this hour of stress. Mankind's utter failure to success, even in a material way without faith, will humble and prepare hearts for the acceptance of truth and God has preserved the "seed" in which "all nations of the earth shall be blessed."

Christ's mystical body, His Church, guarding and delivering all truth upon His Divine Authority, has never ceased to function for the enlightenment and salvation of mankind since the day when, instructed and guided by the Holy Spirit, the Apostles set forth to "preach the gospel to every creature."

"He that heareth you heareth me."—Luke 10:16. "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be condemned."—Mark 16:16 This the divine "flat" with regard to faith, and the sooner the world faces the situation of its failure, and turns to that living voice of authority, Christ's Church, for guidance into the paths of righteousness, the better will it be for all classes of society. "Society can be healed in no other way than by return to Christian life and Christian institutions."—Leo XIII.

"A day of judgment has arrived in which all that is base and false is to be tried by that fire which tests every fiber." Soon Truth will stand revealed in the splendor of noonday light and none will be excused for their ungodliness.

Truth has ever been of easy access to the earnest searcher and that form of Christianity is true which in every age since Pentecost has produced unity of faith and led in the way of perfection those who obeyed its commands.

This is the religion based on Faith, working through Charity, which alone accomplishes the restoration of society and brings contentment, peace, and life eternal to all who bear the "sweet yoke."

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament warms our souls with His holy love, drives away the (cold of) evil habits and venial sins, changes our soul into Himself, and out of love makes another God out of it.—Scaramelli.

Love's Oblation

ELIZABETH VOSS

Draw me to Thy Burning Love, O loving, peerless God!
Burn me with Thy fires of Love, and let me hear Thy Word;

If it be Thy holy will, increase
All my old-time woes, or whisper,—cease!

All I have or am is Thine;

Take me as Thy slave of love—to die for Love Divine.

A Great Missioner Gone



VERY REV. JEROME HUNT, O. S. B.

In THE GRAIL for February we chronicled the death of the Very Rev. Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., who was called from his field of labor on December 27, 1923. The subsequent sketch of Father Jerome's missionary career we take from the "Biographical Sketch" that was printed in the program at the time of the celebration of his golden sacerdotal jubilee on August 22, 1922. The cuts and the photographs for the illustrations were sent us through the kindness of Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., Father Jerome's successor in the missions. Father Jerome's death is a great blow to the missions over which he presided for so many years. There is now but one priest to care for the church and school at Fort Totten, and the missions of St. Michael and St. Jerome. Few, indeed, are the laborers and extensive is the field.—EDITOR.

FROM the viewpoint of the Religious and Civic history of North Dakota, August 22, 1922, is a date significant to all who were honored by an invitation to visit St. Michael's Mission at Fort Totten, N. D. The occasion marked the golden jubilee of the ordination of the Very Rev. Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., to the priesthood and of the profession of his faithful coadjutor, Brother Giles, O. S. B., in the great Order of St. Benedict, whose history is intimately bound up

with the history of the Church from earliest centuries.

Religiously the event is an important epoch in the history of the Catholic Church in North Dakota, linking as it does the present flourishing condition of Catholicism in this state with the humble beginning when white settlers were few and scattered beyond the confines of the Red River Valley, and the "Red Men," who a short time before were a Nomadic race, but at that particular time, when "our Jubilarians" came to the state, were in a disgruntled and dissatisfied stage of transition from their unmolested wanderings over the plains to the land allotted them by our Government on the reservations.

Civily, we are permitted to admire the accomplishments of these two humble servants of God, who in their self-sacrificing and unostentatious manner have led, both by word and example, the early possessors of this county to a conscientious appreciation of, and filial devotion to, the Ideals and Instructions of the State and Nation.

Mathias Hunt, in Religion, Very Rev. Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., was born in Baden, Germany, December 5, 1848, and came to America when at the age of seventeen, entering the Benedictine monastery at St. Meinrad, Ind., where he made his profession in 1868.

After four years of Theological study, he was ordained to the Holy Priesthood in 1872, and immediately assigned to parochial duty in Fulda, Indiana. At the request of Prior Marty (afterwards, in turn, Abbot of St. Meinrad's Abbey; Vicar Apostolic of the Dakotas, and Bishop of Sioux Falls) the young priest commenced his life's work among the Indians at Standing Rock Reservation in 1877. With true Apostolic zeal, Father Jerome labored among the Standing Rock Indians and accomplished much good. His heart yearned for greater fields and his burning zeal for the salvation of souls among the Sioux Indians spurred him on to greater sacrifices. So his joy was exceedingly great, when he was told by his Ecclesiastical superior that the field of labor, henceforth allotted to him, would be the Mission of St. Michael's on the Fort Totten Indian Reserve in North Dakota. Our Missionary lost no time in repairing thither, and with a courage that was heroic, indeed, he bade good-bye to his companions in religion, forsook the comforts, meagre though they were, which Standing Rock offered to its missionaries and set out alone for Fort

Totten, where he replaced Father Claud Ebner, O. S. B., who afterwards succeeded Father Jerome at Standing Rock.

When our Jubilarian arrived at St. Michael's he found the buildings, which he now occupies, completed. A short distance to the southeast stood a school for girls conducted by the Good Grey Nuns of Montreal, of whom further mention will be made in this article. Father Jerome appreciated the good accomplished by these self-sacrificing women, and he, too, proved himself the Apostle of the Catholic School. Though his labors among the adult Indians and the Catholic soldiers stationed at Fort Totten were exacting, nevertheless, he still found time to devote to the education of the Catholic Indian boy. To this cause he gave his home in which he lived, and he acted as Superintendent of this school himself. This was continued when, in 1890 the Government withdrew the soldiers from Fort Totten, and the barracks were converted into a Government school.

One of the first trials of our Missionary's career came when the girls' school at St. Michael's burnt in 1883. The Sisters saw their labors of many years brought to naught and in their hour of trial sought spiritual consolation from their good Chaplain. The young priest's heart chafed beneath the great loss, but his courage was dauntless. His generous soul immediately offered a solution. He could vacate his home which could be used for a school and a Sisters' Home, and the old log house with a dirt roof, which stood near by, would be somewhat better than the stable wherein his Master was born, and henceforth could serve as his domicile. Here he lived for nearly two years, until the Sisters took charge of the present school, which was built in 1885.

The work among the Indians and Whites, the children in the schools, and spiritual administration to the scattered Catholics throughout the Lake Regions, which often took Father Jerome as far north as Cando and Bisbee, demanded that the spiritual forces be augmented. Con-

sequently in 1886, Rev. Fintan Wiederkehr, O. S. B., a cleric from St. Meinrad's Abbey, arrived. He assisted in the school and catechetical work among the adult Indians, and in June 1887, he was ordained to the Holy Priesthood by Bishop Martin Marty, and celebrated his first Holy Mass at Seven Dolores' Church, Fort Totten. This was, indeed, a gala occasion among the Indians. Father Fintan remained until June 1889. From time to time, other priests from St. Meinrad acted as colleagues to Father Jerome, and it is fitting that an appreciation be here acknowledged to these good and zealous men, who at an early period in their sacerdotal career sacrificed the comforts and consolation of work in seminaries, colleges, and parishes among the whites to bring the knowledge of religion to the aborigines of America. True, it is their desire that this sacrifice should be enshrined so closely in the Sacred Heart of their Master that it could not be harmed by the taint of earthly praise, but nevertheless "An example I have given" applies with equal force in the twentieth as it did in the first century, and their example may stimulate to emulation their brothers in the priesthood, and serve to strengthen the faith of the Catholic laity. I dare but mention their names (their humility would ne'er forgive me, if further mention of them were made.) Fathers Othmar Schneeberger, O. S. B., Alois Fisher, O. S. B., Paul Unmüssig, O. S. B., Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., who is still in the work. If Father Jerome was an apostle of the Catholic school, he likewise was a staunch believer in the Catholic Press. These two



ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION

agencies he knew would be most potent factors in his work and the good Missionary accordingly began to edit in 1892, the "Eyanpaha," a Catholic Paper in the Sioux language. Besides this paper, Father Jerome is the Author of a "Bible History" and combined "Prayer and Hymn Book" in the Sioux language, the latter of which has reached its fourth edition. These were published in 1890.

No account of Father Jerome's Missionary work would be complete that failed to give prominence to the inestimable assistance rendered him by his faithful coadjutor, Brother Giles Laugel, O.S.B., who, today, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession. Born in Vincennes, Indiana, of Alsatian parentage, September 17, 1855, Brother Giles left the world and all its pleasures behind him and entered St. Meinrad's Abbey, at St. Meinrad, Indiana, where he was professed as a humble lay brother on June 24, 1872. Bound by vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, the Lay Brothers in a religious community dedicate their lives to serve the material needs of the priests and the menial tasks about the monastery, keeping as their model St. Joseph's ministrations to the Child Jesus. Content with these humble occupations, never aspiring to any of the sacred privileges of the priesthood, unknown to the world, these pious souls become fast friends of Jesus Christ; and in this respect Brother Giles forms no exception to the rule. Like his distinguished Superior, Father Jerome, he has almost continuously devoted his life to the Indian Mission, coming to Standing Rock Indian Reservation in 1876, where he put up the first building of what is now the Martin Kennel School. This building was constructed of logs with a dirt roof and measured 13x30 feet. Monsignor Stephan, who afterwards was Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau, was then Government agent at Standing Rock. This was in the year of the great Custer Massacre. Both Father Jerome and Brother Giles were well acquainted with the great Indian Chiefs, Sitting-Bull, Gall, and Rain-in-the-face.

Brother Giles was transferred to Fort Totten in 1883, coming into Devils Lake on the first passenger train that entered that city. There he found Father Jerome with whom he was become inseparably identified in missionary work. His devotion to Father Jerome is, indeed, most edifying. Without a murmur through all those years, though he suffers from acute rheumatic pains at times, he has conscientiously ministered to the material needs of the missionary, in whose will he sees the will of the Master. Besides, he prints the Sioux "Eyanpaha" of which Father Jerome is the Editor.

Human phrases but detract from the store of treasures which this humble Lay Brother has laid up for himself, and which can only be rightly expressed in the words of his Master, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful in little things I will place thee over greater; enter now into the joys of thy Lord."

Ingratitude would stifle the significance of this whole sketch, if prominence were not given to the great work accomplished during these many years by those God-loving, self-sacrificing, spiritual daughters of Madam D'Youville, the Grey Nuns of Montreal. Even before the arrival of our Jubilarians these noble women were all absorbed in the salvation of souls among the Sioux Indians of Fort Totten.

At the invitation of Major Forbes, who was stationed at Fort Totten and who had a relative in the community, the Sisters started for North Dakota. Sisters Allard, Clapin, La Jannerais, and Drapeau arrived in Jamestown, the nearest realway station, in the winter of 1874. A regular North Dakota blizzard bade them welcome, and as housing facilities were at a premium the sisters spent their first night



A CATHOLIC INDIAN FAMILY

in the section house of Jamestown. The following day they started overland by ox team to Fort Totten and after many hardships endured enroute, they were most graciously received by Major McLaughlin, who had succeeded Major Forbes at Fort Totten. The former shared with them the hospitality of his home until the school at the "Old Mission" was ready for occupancy. This school was built by the Government, and the Sisters received a remuneration from the Government for each child they educated. After the fire at the Mission in which the school was destroyed, the Sisters lived and conducted their school in the priest's house, so generously given for that purpose by Father Jerome. In 1885 the school was rebuilt at its present location and from there the good Sisters have continually sent out their Indian scholars prepared for life's battle. From the first they enjoyed the local cooperation of the authorities at the Fort, which has given them no little consolation. In the earlier years it was necessary to bring supplies from Grand Forks to the Fort; and anyone acquainted with travelling conveniences in those days realizes that it spelled hardship. Their schools they conducted in parallel courses of English and Sioux. Evangelical poverty in the strictest sense of the term has ever been their lot. They possess a virtue which this world will never know, the great virtue of self-immolation. Their daily fare is of the plainest kind, their labors from early morn until late at night are all for the Indian child with no thought of self, and their night's repose for many years in a frost-bedded corridor in winter and a sun-baked attic in summer formed their comforts, which this life offered to them in a material way. Their kindness and devotedness to the priests on the Mission have always been proverbial, and in the dusky form of that little Indian child they see only the image of their Master. Nor can we say that earthly gain is their motive since five of these good souls are giving their services gratuitously for the good of the cause. But their reward "No man can take from them," and God grant that they may be given many years to labor among these Sioux Indian children.

In the Missionary career of "Our Jubilarian" there is also the humorous side, which serves to illustrate some of the conditions peculiar to Missionary work among the Indians, as well as the hardships endured. When Father Jerome arrived at St. Michael's he found that the Indians were using his residence as a morgue in which they stored several bodies of persons who had died during the year and because of deep snow could not be buried until early summer.

One of the employees wished to test the courage of the young Missionary, and hence, dressed as a ghost, proceeded to enter the residence. Very calmly and placidly Father Jerome cast a bucket of water from his bedroom window, which quieted the aspirations of the would-be-ghost. On another occasion some distinguished Clergyman visited the Mission, and the good Father, proud of the new Church which he had built at Crow Hill, insisted on his guest's visiting the Church to compliment him on his work. With all the pride and zeal of the new Levite, Father Jerome opened the door of the Church only to be overcome by an odor such as does not usually belong to a Church. On investigation the remains of an old Indian squaw were found in an advanced stage of decomposition.

When crossing Devils Lake in early winter to say Mass at the Mission, after having attended a sick call in the vicinity of the city of Devils Lake, Father Jerome narrowly escaped death, when the ice on the lake gave away and the team he was driving drowned. The Indians on shore were convinced that their "Black Robe" was endeavoring to give them a concrete instance "of the Miracle of walking upon the water." Many other instances could be cited if space permitted, but our interest centers around the more serious incidents which have today tempted the humility of Father Jerome and Brother Giles in the now proud hour of their Golden Jubilee, humility which was so well shown by Father Jerome whilst preparations were being made for his golden jubilee. "These things," said he, "are all right for people who deserve them, but I cannot see why such a fuss should be made over me." We therefore hasten to extend "Our Congratulations" coupled with a fervent prayer that God may grant them many more years of service in his Vineyard, and bestow upon those good priests, who have assisted them from time to time, and the devoted Grey Nuns, his choicest blessings "AD MULTOS AN-NOS."

How beautiful is the silent, patient life of the tabernacle, that prison-house of love. Everything about our Lord has such endurance.—Faber.

The Annunciation

A. K.

The Lily in prayerful night sweet perfume wafts
To fragrant Dewdrops floating down from heaven
To lodge, incarnate, in her lily womb.—
Now from sweet hospice, and guest sweeter even,
Joint perfume rises in ecstatic drafts.

Madame

FRANCES BERINGTON

SHE is quite a personality in the little Norman town where, after many wanderings, we have elected to stay for a few weeks.

It had all the charm of the unexpected, as we came upon it suddenly when our car rounded the corner of the wooded hill where tall dusky pines lift their heads into the sunlit air.

"This," we exclaimed, "is what we are looking for. And now for rooms."

One of the first houses we passed was evidently a convent, with a cross over the gate and a little chapel attached to the main building.

"Possibly," we said, "they take boarders. We will ring and ask."

A smiling little nun appeared in answer to our summons, and begged Mesdames would give themselves the trouble to enter whilst she called Reverend Mother. The good mother with a beaming face and an evidently maternal heart expressed herself "desolée," but it is not possible. The work of the Sisters lies entirely amongst the sick poor, but if the ladies would address themselves to Madame X, 5 rue Guillaume, of a surety they will find the accommodation they desire. Madame was until quite lately the proprietress of the "Lion d'or" at the bottom of the town, but the health of Monsieur not being what it was, and the weight of years beginning to tell upon them both, they have just resigned the cares of the "Lion," and have betaken themselves to this small pension, which is of an exquisite cleanliness, and as for the cooking, it is not to be surpassed at some of the great hotels in Paris, so some of the ladies who have been Madame's guests have informed la Mère Supérieure. So armed with a recommendation from the good Mother, who has herself taken us on our merits alone, we descend the long steep street with its quaint houses and gaudy little shops and crossing the tiny river, we ring the bell at the gate of No. 5 rue Guillaume. A magnolia tree in full bloom guards the entrance, and between gate and house there is a flight of wide stone steps.

At the top of these steps Madame appears, and we fall in love with her at first sight. She is not very tall, but there is a quiet dignity about her which is very attractive, and with her snowy hair piled high on her forehead and a tissue of cobwebby lace crossed upon her breast she resembles some old marquise of other days.

We explain that we are in search of rooms and have been recommended by the Mère Supérieure to address ourselves to Madame.

"Ah la bonne Mère," exclaims Madame, and

she begs the ladies will quickly enter. We soon find ourselves in a long cool salon filled with heavy oak furniture, upholstered in crimson velvet. Terms having been arranged to the entire satisfaction of both sides in an incredibly short space of time, we became the guests of Madame. The weather is perfect, the days drift peacefully by, and we soon begin to feel ourselves almost part of the little "ménage."

Madame has made over to our exclusive use a little annexe to the salon, which, having windows on three sides, is more cheerful than the larger room, and here in the early morning we enjoy our rolls and coffee, whilst the little river foams and dances beneath us, with the water weeds lying like streaks of green ribbon on its glittering surface, and the busy washerwomen splashing and plunging their linen in its cool depths.

Punctually at eight o'clock Madame sets out for the day's marketing, her little maid Jeanne following in her wake with a huge basket on her arm. The stalls are set up early in the cobbled street, and Madame does not take long to make her selection. Little Jeanne's merry eyes twinkle as she spies a friend here and there among the sellers, but no loitering is possible in the wake of Madame, and the purchases made, the little maid and her large basket are shepherded quickly home.

During the day we wander about the quaint old town, sketching little bits that take our fancy, or further out in the country the wonderful twelfth-century farm buildings, with their grey lichen-covered walls and enormous circular dovecotes. The fields too, are an unfailing source of joy, with their blaze of colour, pink clover, purple vetch, and scarlet poppies stretching like a gay carpet across the sunlit plain.

In the evening Madame pays us a visit. She wishes to inform herself that the ladies are absolutely comfortable. Have they everything they require and is the cuisine entirely to their satisfaction? Have they good news from their friends in England, and does all go well at their homes whilst they are so far away?

Our replies to all these questions being entirely in the affirmative, we beg our hostess to seat herself with us in the window, as we confess to enjoying her naïve comments on the comings and goings in the little street below.

"Ah—there is the widow Legrand, and can it be her Marie she has with her? Surely Marie cannot have left her situation in the chateau of Mme. la Vicomtesse at Evreux? Truly the girls of the present day do not know when they are well off."

We suggest that Marie may be merely home for a holiday, but Madame shakes her head.

"It is but two months since Marie had her annual holiday. Ah well! And here is M. le Curé with little Jean Bourgaud clinging to his soutane. M. le Curé is of all men the most kind and charitable. Without doubt he is now on his way to pay his weekly visit to old Antoinette in the rue St. Pierre. All the world knows how fretful is old Antoinette, her poor daughter can hardly support the life she leads her, but M. le Curé never seems to notice her bad temper, and visits her regularly and even bestows on her some small alms. Truly he is a holy man.— And there is the farmer Leclerc and his wife driving home from market to their farm at Courselles. Ah, but Julie Leclerc is growing too fat for all she works so hard, and she now has to keep the two children of her son, poor Louis, who was killed in the war. And there is Madeleine the servant of M. le docteur. She has stopped now and is talking to the farmer and Julie. The little packet she is putting into the back of the cart is without doubt a bottle of medicine for old Madame Leclerc whose rheumatism they say is worse than ever, but at ninety-two what can one expect? And here is André coming down the street, he works for the good Sisters, and the fine cow he is leading is a present from Mme. la Baronne to la Mère Supérieure so that the sick may always have milk. She is an angel in human form is Mme. la Baronne. Ah!—but what have we here?"

The flow of language suddenly ceases as Madame catches sight of the two little sketches we have made today, on a table in the corner.

"Truly the work of the ladies is of a beauty incomparable.—That horse, he is so real and his coat so silky we can almost pat him. If the ladies would but permit Madame to make a request it is that these exquisite pictures may be shown to Monsieur who is even now in his little bureau. Monsieur has the soul of an artist though alas! circumstances have so unfortunately only permitted him to become an hotel keeper. But if the ladies would not think Madame presuming, and would enter the bureau, Monsieur, who is at present chained to his chair by an attack of gout, would be enchanted to inspect the beautiful works."

We agree willingly, protesting however, that our little sketches do not deserve such admiration.

Monsieur receives us with effusion, and declares himself quite unable to express his appreciation of our work.

"I who speak to you," he informs us, "I understand what true art is."

He then goes on to say he has a nephew who was for a time in London, working as a cutter in a tailor's shop in Regent Street. This nephew

likewise had an artistic soul, and from him Monsieur has heard much of the great yearly Exhibition, known, he believes, as "the King's Academy." Without a doubt the ladies exhibit many pictures in that academy. Truth compels us to avow that never once has a picture of ours graced the walls of the "King's Academy," and we have very little hope in that direction for the future. Sadly the good man shakes his head, intimating that a sense of true artistic discrimination must be painfully wanting in high places in England.

"Ah but the world is changing and nothing is as it was."

With this somewhat cryptic observation Monsieur bows low, and as we rise to go he wishes us a rapturous "Bon soir Mesdames."

* * * * *

The stars are beginning to twinkle above the castle-keep whilst the soft purple twilight is deepening into night, and another peaceful day is drawing to its close.

A Faithful Shepherd

(Continued from page 367)

ago. Didn't I often tell you that a religion which inspires such a sacrifice must be the true one?" Then the whole affair of long ago had to be repeated.

Again there was a knock at the sacristy door on Father Gilbert's next visit to the mission. Again the maid of Mrs. N. stood before him. But this time she came empty-handed. Before she had time to deliver her message, however, Father Gilbert had read her heart. "Yes," he said, "in a day or two I will make arrangements for instructing you in the doctrines of the Church into which you have come to seek admittance. May God be praised in all His works."

Immortal Hope

LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY

Worn with the lengthened strain of hope delayed,
Out to the peaceful night I took my pain;
Soothed and uplifted by the starry train,
My soul made high resolve. No more afraid
Or weak, of one clear star my choice I made,
And said: "When that has crossed the heavenly plain
My hope I will renounce, and peace regain."
So, keeping tryst with doom through midnight shade,
The chill of dawn crept on, and the pale star
Trembled and sank in clouds of purple mist.
I cried: "My hope is dead!" when, lo, afar,
The morning star the eastern mountains kissed,
And hope awaked to life. Now, till I die
We'll fare together on, this friend and I.

Thoughts on the Holy Rule of St. Benedict

AQUILA

P RAYER is the chief duty of man, his highest activity, the main object of his creation. Most people at some time or other make use of the prayer of petition; many people frequently and regularly, spontaneously, and even as a matter of habit. But the greater part of mankind cannot in any adequate manner fulfill the duty of *praise*, which is the supreme prayer, the prayer most necessary, and from which all other prayer flows as a stream from its source. The Psalmist says (Ps. 49:23):

"The sacrifice of praise shall glorify me: and that is the way by which I will shew him the salvation of God." In order that this sacrifice of praise shall be duly and continually rendered, the Church has organized it in the Divine Office, and has set aside choice souls as her representatives to perform this high duty in the name of the whole Church: that is, all the clergy from subdeacon upward, all choir religious of both sexes, and such of the laity who voluntarily associate themselves therewith, tertiaries, oblates, and of course others, according to their opportunity and capacity. St. Bernard says (Sermon 20): "The priest is a public official, and the mouthpiece of the whole Church."

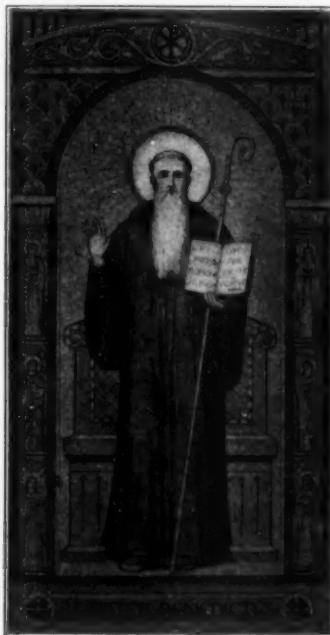
In this wonderful thing the *Opus Divinum* (the Work of God), which is the Liturgy and the Office, consists the quintessence of the monastic life, its rationale, and its crowning joy. "Jesus Christ is in the midst of the choir, where so many are gathered together in His Name," as Dom Bernard Hayes says in his book on "The Holy Rule of St. Benedict," and he continues: "The value of the praise which arises from an individual choir is also raised indefinitely by the fact that it forms part of the grand harmony of the universe. A religious should remember that though his voice be weak, his mind often distracted, and his heart cold, yet his prayer, feeble in itself, helps to swell that great hymn of praise which rises from the world to the God who made it. A religious is part of the choir; and the choir is part of

the public worship of the Church; and the praise of the Church is joined to the infinite act of worship rising from the Sacred Heart of the God-man." Is it not then a wonderful privilege to praise God in the Divine Office? It is an angelic office, as St. Jerome says: "What the angels do in heaven, the monks do on earth." And the united song of praise has risen from the Church to God from the earliest ages, voicing all the needs of the ages. We cry out not

merely for our own needs, but for the many needs of Holy Church and of souls, for the faint-hearted, for the tempted, for the suffering in this world and in Purgatory. And so the Divine Office is a work of charity, an apostolic work. We are engaged in saving sinners, helping pastors of souls, and extending the kingdom of Christ. And we are joined with heavenly forces in producing the ceaseless hymn of praise, Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts! What a sublime office! What an admirable vocation!

Time was, when not only to the monks of old, but to others in the ages of faith, the Psalms of the Divine Office were the ordinary paths of prayer and contemplation. And the Psalms were *known*, they being indeed the common form of prayer, and many were learned by heart, for in those times, even if one could read, books were a costly luxury, and such a one as a "Book of Hours" was a thing to be included in one's most treasured possessions, to be left at death by will. Now books are multiplied and anyone who wills it may possess a Psalter, a Book of Hours, even a Breviary.

But in this strenuous age shorter methods are demanded, such too that are apt to entail a minimum of thought. The present methods are said to suit the times admirably, and are pronounced as a great success. Certainly the Psalms do not now command the same attention, nor does the Divine Office provoke the same enthusiasm as formerly, and so there is the more need to thank God that in the wonderful ways of His Holy Providence, He has ap-



ST. BENEDICT WITH HOLY RULE

pointed his own representatives—or rather it should be said *our* representatives,—to perform the office of praise for us. For, be it ever remembered, *God will be served*. His glory is our highest good. That is what we thank Him for in the *Gloria in excelsis* at Mass—"We give thanks unto Thee for *Thy great glory*."

Conspicuous amongst these representatives of ours are the sons and daughters of St. Benedict, who right lovingly and well offer this sacrifice of praise by day and night. If one should take even a brief survey of the Benedictine monasteries, or study of the Holy Rule, the necessary conclusion must be, that to think of the Divine Office at its full value, it must be in company with St. Benedict. He is in the Church today, living and working in his sons and daughters, even as in the sixth century, when he had so much to do with shaping and moulding the Office, as we have it. And he still teaches "The Work of God," and says, "Let nothing be preferred to it."

Many writers have written learnedly and devotedly about St. Benedict, but surely the best of all is the writing he himself left us—the Holy Rule. This is the book that appeals to and influences every Benedictine, and Dom Bernard in his treatise upon it makes the words so many subjects of meditation and prayer. No doubt this is somewhat of a novelty in these days; although in times past different commentators have given to the world pious affections and elevations on the Holy Rule; notably, Haeften (Tract. VIII, Diag. VII); and Alcuin, in his book "De Psalmorum usu," weaves the very words of St. Benedict into a prayer.

And what of the chosen souls who are called to *lead the life* under this Holy Rule? Blessed ones indeed they are, blessed in their sublime vocation, blessed even as their founder was blessed, (Benedict means the Blessed One) in grace and name. And such a vocation the Lord of graces has in store for many today, many who are now listening to the Voice, saying: "Follow me." Many hearing it will follow the Holy Patriarch in the ways of monastic obedience and prayer. They will begin at the first word "Ausculta" (Hearken), and as one word follows another the whole Rule will be learned. So, learning the Holy Rule, and putting on the holy habit, they will continue even to the final chapter, and arrive, under God's protection, at the lofty summits of doctrine and virtue.

And we whose lives are not permitted to be run in accordance with St. Benedict's rule, will by no means be debarred from our part and lot with him. All English-speaking people claim an intimate connection with St. Benedict right on from the time of St. Gregory and St. Augus-

tine; and even if we experience somewhat of a feeling of holy envy at the sight of these bright young neophytes taking the Holy Rule into their hands and lives, who will blame them? Perhaps our greeting to them may find voice best in the words of Psalm 133, "Ecce nunc; Behold now, bless ye the Lord in the courts of the house of our God. Lift up your hands by night in the holy places, and bless the Lord. May the Lord out of Sion bless thee, who hath made heaven and earth."

Most holy Benedict, Confessor of the Lord, father and leader of monks, intercede for our well-being and for that of all.

It will be quite in place to add to this splendid treatise on the Holy Rule, which is all the more remarkable in that it was written by a layman, the following summary, which was prepared for our readers by Rev. Dom Adélard Bouvilliers, O. S. B.—EDITOR.

There have been formed under the Rule of St. Benedict 62 Popes, of whom twenty-five have been canonized; more than 200 Cardinals, 250 Patriarchs, 1600 Archbishops, 46,000 Bishops, 7 Doctors of the Church, 21 Emperors, 26 Empresses, 42 Kings, of whom twelve have been canonized, 45 Queens, of whom eighteen have been canonized, 4,500 Princes and other nobles, and at least 50,000 Saints. These statistics are taken from the *Armarius Sacerdotii* O. S. B., (Vienna, 1912, page 319), by Dom Ildefonsus Muending, O. S. B.

All this before the Revolution of 1792, which it is the fashion to call the French Revolution. At that time, and for forty years further, the Benedictine tree was doomed to death, its branches being withered in almost every country, except in England and Switzerland, where monastic traditions were tenacious, unique, and unbroken, but the Benedictine trunk has proved itself a vigorous one and from the summary given here below we may gain some idea of the manifold activities of the Order of St. Benedict in our own day. In spite of the recent persecutions, it lives and thrives because of its vigorous and diverse activities of monastic life and the wonderful adaptability of the Founder's Rule.

The statistics of 1920 show the revival and the growth of our Holy Order in the nineteenth century.

Benedictines are divided into 7 Orders which number 684 monasteries. There is one Cardinal, six Archbishops, eight Bishops, three Prefects Apostolic, 108 Abbots "regiminis," 26 resigned and titular Abbots, 5 Abbots "Administratores," and more than 26,000 monks and nuns, as follows: In the fifteen Congregations

of Benedictines, properly so called, there are 7,058 members, and in the seven Orders—Branches, of Camaldolese, Vallombrosians, Cistercians, Trappists, Sylvestrines, Olivetans, and Mechitarists, who observe the Rule of Saint Benedict; the aggregate is 5,347 members, and more than 15,000 nuns, of whom 11,679 are Benedictines, 3,000 Cistercians, 250 Olivetans, and 150 Camaldolese.

Benedictine monks have charge of 1,455 churches and missions, ministering to 1,200,000 souls. In America they have 496 churches

and minister to 244,446 souls. Benedictine monks teach in 162 colleges and have 19,608 students. The American Benedictines have thirty-three colleges or seminaries, with 4,446 students. America numbers 1,485 Benedictine monks belonging to 20 Abbeys.

In this country the Benedictine Nuns have prioresses at the head of their monasteries or convents. They have no abbesses as is the case in Europe. There are 3,460 Sisters belonging to twenty-eight houses. Vocations seem to abound in this country more so than in Europe.

Daddy's Promise

HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

"I cannot congratulate you Ethel, for I think you are wrecking your life for this world, if not for the next, and I would sooner have come for your funeral than for this marriage of yours."

"Oh Godmother, how can you speak so! It is not like you to be so set against anyone as you are against my poor Harold. He is so true, and noble, and kind, and has promised never to interfere with my religion, indeed he made that promise of himself without my even asking it. You do not know him!"

"Unfortunately, I think I know him better than you do Ethel. He comes of a hard, domineering, and not overscrupulous, family and has been raised in the bitterest prejudice against the Catholic Church."

"I know his people are very prejudiced, but Harold himself is ever so broad-minded and he loves me so, I feel sure I shall be able to convert him."

"If you think so, why did you not try to do it before your marriage?"

"I didn't wish to seem to mistrust him, specially after his saying that he wouldn't interfere with my faith. It was so good of him."

"I don't see that it was, for surely he must have known that you could not have accepted him under any other terms. But even if he does not actually interfere with you, cannot you see, child, that there never can be perfect sympathy between you, that your wishes and aspirations will be quite the opposite of his, that what is most dear and sacred to you will be a matter of indifference, if not of absolute aversion, to him, take the Blessed Sacrament for instance. Believe me, child, I know what I am talking about, for I have lived much among Protestants, some of the best and very dear to me and I know how much they made me suffer

quite unconsciously. I had the misfortune, too, of being the child of a mixed marriage and I know by sad experience how hard that is, though my mother kept her promise of allowing us children to be brought up Catholics, which is perhaps more than your Harold will do."

"Oh he cannot do otherwise! He is going to sign the promise."

"Many others have done so before him who have not kept it for all that. And even if he did do so, cannot you see what a miserable position it is for a poor child who hears one thing from one loved parent and the reverse from the other, who finds what one teaches him and venerates scoffed at by the other, and whose poor little soul is torn by doubts and anguish. I speak feelingly because I went through all that agony of mind myself; indeed my health suffered cruelly from it. It is a bitter disappointment to me that you are not going to be a nun as you always said you would, but if you had only married a Catholic, I could have reconciled myself to it."

Nothing her godmother or anyone else could say had any effect on Ethel, however, and the preparations for the marriage continued, though, in spite of all the girl's protestations to the contrary, her heart often misgave her and when she went to visit the nuns at the convent where she had been brought up, she could not help feeling a regret at the thought of the higher and happier life she had forfeited by this decision. From quite a little child she had always intended to consecrate her life to God, until she had met Harold Jordan and been smitten by his rather superficial cleverness, good looks, and charm of manner. Yet even on the very morning of her wedding day, as she heard Mass and knelt at the altar rails to receive her dear Lord and ask him to bless her

wedded life, her heart ached to feel that she knelt there alone and would always kneel there alone! Ah! but no, she said to still the dull pain at her heart, she would convert him, she would so pray that God would grant her that greatest of joys!

In the meanwhile, her wedding day was anything but unmixed happiness, for even when they went to the rectory for the marriage ceremony, which was to her sacred unto tears, his levity and almost sneering manner cut her to the heart and they were by no means all tears of joy that she shed that day.

So years went by and though her husband was on the whole kind and indulgent in many ways, there was, as her godmother had foretold, an apparently unbreakable barrier between them and Harold did not show the slightest sign of wishing to join the faith. Indeed as time went on, he became more satirical about Ethel's devotions and complained that she thought more of them than of her home duties, though she was always particularly careful not to let them interfere with his comfort in any way.

They had but one child and she had so nearly died at its birth that they knew they could never have another and that, in his anxiety about her, Harold had made no objection to her having it baptized. Little Francis was a most charming little fellow, a perfect picture of a child with blue eyes, wavy fair hair, and the sweetest little mouth, denoting a firm though sensitive nature. But the best part about him was his loving, truthful, loyal heart. From a little child he had been sincerely pious and his mother had instilled into him a deep love for the Blessed Sacrament, so that even when almost a baby he would say to her whenever they were out for a walk:

"Mother, can't we go and make a little visit to the dear Jesus?" And it was wonderful to see how long the usually rather restless child would remain perfectly happy before the Blessed Sacrament.

Until Francis was six years old the mother had her darling very much to herself and had thus been able to train him in her own faith, for her husband, who was a commercial traveler, was almost continually on the road and came home but for short stays at longish intervals. Even then, however, the father, who worshipped little Francis, had often shocked and astonished the boy and deeply hurt the mother by making sneering remarks about some Catholic practice or belief and openly expressing most anti-Catholic opinions. At first Ethel had not spoken to the child about his father's different religion, but when the little fellow asked

her why his Daddy would never go to church with them and what he meant by the things he said, she had to explain the situation to him as gently as possible, bidding him pray very hard that poor papa should be made to see and understand all about the dear Jesus and our beautiful faith. Francis seemed quite distressed and prayed so hard that Ethel's heart beat with hope thinking that God could not refuse to grant such innocent and fervent prayers. Still, in spite of her love for her husband, it was always a relief when he set out on his journeys once more and she and Francis could take up their devotions again without fear of sarcasms or interference.

One day, however, she received a letter from Harold, telling her that he had given up his position and that he was going to start a business in their own town so as to be more at home and take part in the education of their boy, who would soon need a man's hand to guide him. A feeling of painful foreboding gripped the poor mother's heart on reading this letter and it was with many bitter tears that she knelt that day before the Blessed Sacrament and prayed for help and guidance.

At first things went fairly smoothly but when Francis was seven his father insisted that it was high time he had other teaching besides his mother's and that he should go to school.

"Very well, if you wish it, Harold. I will go tomorrow and make arrangements with the Sisters," she answered.

"The Sisters!" exclaimed her husband, "no boy of mine shall go to the Sisters. I mean him to go to the public school. It was good enough for me and it will be good enough for him."

In vain she begged and pleaded, Harold was obdurate. And a few weeks later he announced that now the child was old enough to understand things, it was time he should be given an opportunity to hear both sides of the question in the way of religion, and that he intended to take him to the Baptist Church with him every other Sunday. Ethel was not only distressed but indignant and reminded her husband that he had solemnly promised to allow their children to be brought up Catholics, that it was only on that condition that she had married him and that he would be breaking his word of honor to her if he interfered with their boy's religion.

"All I meant by that promise was that I would allow the children to be baptized in the Catholic Church," he answered stiffly, "but I do not mean my boy's mind to be warped by all those superstitious doctrines and his prospects in life blighted by belonging to the Romish

Church if I can help it. I have always hated it and am determined the child shall be given an opportunity to leave it if he wishes to."

That evening after her husband had gone out Ethel knelt by her boy's bed and told him of his father's determination, entreating the child to be faithful to his faith though loving and respectful to his father, who loved him so dearly and was only blinded by his prejudice.

"I would rather see you dead and in your grave than faithless to the dear Jesus," she added between her sobs.

"Don't cry, Mother dear," said her child, throwing his arms round her neck and kissing her tenderly, "Father never goes to his church until eleven and I will get up softly and go to half past six Mass and Holy Communion and then, with the dear Jesus in my heart, I shall be quite safe whatever happens. Wasn't God good to let me make my First Holy Communion last year!"

Much comforted, Ethel kissed her darling and the following Sunday, when he had to accompany his father to the Baptist Church, she went to a second Mass and prayed with the most intense fervor that the child's pure soul should not be led into error.

"I said Hail Marys all the time the minister was preaching and praying, mother," he whispered when he got home, "and I did not hear anything he said except the text, and that was all father asked me about."

So for a time all went fairly well, but then Harold insisted on sending the boy to the Protestant Sunday School and began to argue with him himself, specially attacking what was dearest of all to the child's pure heart, the true presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Little Francis had been well trained in his catechism and did not hesitate to argue with his father and even jump up and set the Sunday School teacher right when she taught some of those old lies about the Catholic Church, such as the selling of indulgences, etc. This brought him into dire disgrace and the teacher complained of him to his father, saying that he had insulted her, besides disturbing the class and expressing most erroneous opinions which deeply shocked the other children. Mr. Jordan was very angry, stormed at his wife, and severely punished the child, but without making him yield an inch.

"It is not fair," said Francis stoutly, "at our Catholic Sunday School nothing is said against the Protestants and if they attack the Catholic Faith at yours, I just *have* to tell them that what they say isn't true. I am a Catholic myself."

But in spite of the little fellow's efforts and

of all the prayers that were said for him, his father's constant attacks against the faith finished by tormenting him with doubts against which the poor child fought with all his might. Until then Francis had been a particularly merry, happy-tempered boy, strong and active and full of interest in everything. But now he began to droop and became thoughtful and absent-minded, neglecting his studies, shunning his playfellows, and growing daily paler and more dispirited. In vain his father gave him all the pleasures he could think of, in vain his poor mother tried to comfort and cheer the little fellow.

Things had gone on thus for many weeks when one Saturday Mr. Jordan insisted on sending Francis to play with the children of the most bigoted Baptists in town. The boy had resisted as long as he dared, for he knew that these people would be sure to tackle the religious question with him and he dreaded that beyond everything so he only yielded very reluctantly murmuring that it was hard he couldn't do what he liked on his holiday.

When he came home rather earlier than they had expected, his father said cheerily.

"Well now, Frankie, aren't you glad I sent you to play with Jack and Ted? I'm sure you must have had a fine time together."

"No we didn't," answered Francis wearily, "Ted had some lessons to do and then he went swimming and Jack kept complaining that he had such a headache and pains all over him, so he did not care to play and we sat reading out of the same book till he said it made his headache worse and then I read to him till his mother came in and said he looked so bad he had better go to bed and so I came away."

"Headache and pains all over him," exclaimed Ethel. "And you say you sat together reading out of the same book! Oh, I hope he is not going to have anything!"

Mr. Jordan said nothing but he wished he had not insisted so much on sending his child there and he felt terribly anxious the next day when he heard that Jack was down with scarlet fever. Ethel had consulted the doctor at once and had given preventative remedies, but in spite of all their care, Francis was soon down with the dread disease and in his weakened state of health and nerves, his case from the first was almost hopeless. He was soon delirious and in his rambling talk he showed all the struggle he had been going through.

"Oh dearest Jesus," he would murmur, "I do believe, I will remain a Catholic, I would rather die than not believe you are there in the Blessed Sacrament. Oh let me die and come to you! Daddy does not believe! Please make him be-

lieve. Oh I did not mean to doubt, but Daddy said, . . . Daddy said, what did they say. . . Oh help me to believe. . . or let me die. . . Jesus help me! . . . I don't want to go. . . I don't want to hear them. . . Tell Daddy. . . And so the childish voice rambled on and the pretty curly head tossed restlessly on the pillows and the piteous prayers ended in a moan.

White and tearless, Ethel watched in agony by her child's bedside but her grief seemed as nothing beside that of her husband. He could not be persuaded to leave the boy and yet every word Francis moaned out seemed to stab him to the heart and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead as he listened in anguish vainly trying to soothe the little fellow by telling him over and over again that he would never interfere with his religion again. Father Daly, the priest who had prepared Francis for his first Communion, and whom he loved so much, was sent for and his presence and prayers seemed to soothe the little sufferer.

"Oh! pray for him, save him, make him understand that I will never interfere with his faith again," moaned the unhappy father. "I will do anything, anything, but do not let God take my child from me."

But prayers and remedies proved fruitless and when at last the blue eyes opened to consciousness again, it was to the loved mother that they turned first, while the little fellow whispered in a faint voice:

"Am I going to die, mother? Don't cry, dearest, I am so glad to go to the dear Jesus. It's all gone now, all the doubting. . . He knew I did not mean it, and I've offered. . . my life. . . for Daddy. . . Dear Daddy," he murmured as his father bent over him with passionate words of love. "I have so prayed you. . . might be . . . a Catholic. . . You will try. . . won't you . . . to please your little Francie. . . and. . . and . . . may I not. . . have the dear. . . Jesus?" he added yearningly.

Just then the priest, who had been sent for as soon as the child gave signs of consciousness, entered the room and the sight of the child's devotion and joy at receiving the Holy Viaticum touched his father to tears while poor Ethel knelt in mingled joy and anguish, holding one of the little wasted hands in hers and praying, not for his recovery, but for his happiness. After receiving all the sacraments, the child closed his eyes with a look of ineffable peace and his breathing grew fainter and fainter.

"Francis, my darling, speak to me!" moaned the poor father and once more the blue eyes opened, a loving smile hovered on the blanched lips and the child murmured:

"Don't fret. Dad. . . I am so happy. . . to. . .

go. . . to Jesus. . . But promise you'll. . . learn . . . about. . . Him. . . prom. . . ." The words died upon his lips, the eyes closed as if in sleep and with a look of radiant happiness the pure soul of little Francis fled for shelter in the Sacred Heart for all eternity.

"My child, do not grieve," said the priest gently, laying his hands pityingly on the mother's shoulder. "Your little darling is happy, and at peace and safe from all danger now. God in His mercy has spared him the bitter trial and sorrows of this world. I feel sure that his pure soul, so full of love for his Eucharistic Lord, has gone straight to Heaven."

Ethel looked up with streaming eyes and said in a broken voice:

"Yes, I believe it and though it is like tearing my heart from me to lose him, I can truly say, 'Thank God!'"

Harold raised his bowed head and said almost fiercely:

"I believe you prayed for it. You taught him to wish for death!"

"Sooner than see him lose his faith, yes, I prayed that God would take him, even though it broke my heart," answered Ethel in a low voice.

Little Francis' wish was granted and after a long and very painful struggle Mr. Jordan became a Catholic, but he could never quite reconcile himself to the death of the sweet child and remained a rather stern and embittered man all his life, though otherwise a very good husband and very faithful to all his religious duties. As for Ethel she found comfort in her devotions, in her endless works of charity, and in her tireless efforts to cheer and help her loved husband, but in spite of her intense thankfulness and joy at his conversion, she always entertained all the Catholic girls she knew never to make a mixed marriage, as the risks are too great and the sufferings and dangers they may bring about are so terrible.

Do kindness to someone in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

Felix Culpa

S. M. T.

Choirs of heaven, lilt
Your sweetest, longest lay,
For out the night of guilt
Dawned bright eternal day,
When Mary, Mother-Maid,
Her mighty "Fiat" told,
And on this day of days
Her snowy robes enfold—
Our God made man.

Helen Keller

MAUDE GARDNER

SOME one has said that an affliction may be one of the first aids to success, and a physical handicap is often a positive help to mastery, because it spurs the possessor to greater mental and spiritual effort and challenges his will to prevail in the struggle. No better illustration of this may be found than in the brave spirit of Helen Keller who has attained international fame for her mastery of handicaps.

There stands today in the little town of Tuscumbia, Alabama, the vine-covered southern cottage where Helen Keller was born, a normal baby, forty-three years ago, but almost as soon as her childish voice began to make music in the home, she was stricken with the terrible illness which blinded forever the beautiful baby eyes and closed the tiny ears to the sounds of earth, and from living in a world of continual darkness and silence, the little girl consequently became dumb.

What a strange world it was in which Helen Keller lived! For no sounds penetrated the eternal silence and instead of bright sunshine, flowers, and trees, there was always darkness, darkness! Ah! how the hearts of the fond young father and mother ached as they looked upon their helpless, restless little child and realized they were powerless to help her. For at this time teaching the blind and deaf was an experiment still in its infancy, and until Helen Keller was seven years old she continued to live in this strange environment of her own, a restless, unhappy little girl, who made futile efforts to make her wants and wishes known.

It was the utter fulness of pathos to see the blind child groping her way about the garden of flowers, guided by her sense of smell, for intuitively she came to know where the first violets grew and the fragrant jessamine or the great bunches of southern smilax which grew on the lawn at Ivy Green—so called because of the beautiful English ivy which covered the house, the trees, and the fences, which surrounded the place.

But there came a day in 1888 when Helen Keller stood on the porch of the southern cottage, realizing from the unusual commotion about her that something out of the ordinary was going to happen, and when at last a carriage stopped at the gate and a young woman walked up the flower-bordered path to take the little blind girl in her arms, Helen Keller's imprisonment was over, for Miss Sullivan was the fairy, with the magic wand, who had come from far away Massachusetts to unlock the doors and turn Helen Keller's meaningless existence into a radiant and happy life.

Miss Sullivan herself had been almost totally blind in her childhood and so it was with a feeling of deep sympathy that she undertook to bring light out of darkness for Helen Keller, and by infinite patience and resource help her to build a new life out of the sense of touch.

It was slow progress at first, but by and by the blind child began to learn the name of the objects with which she came in contact

and to spell the words in the palm of her hand. A new world suddenly opened for her and before many weeks had passed there had emerged out of the old strange helplessness, a happy, excited child, eager to learn every new name, to know its meaning and to revel in a new and beautiful environment.

The story of the next fifteen years is a story of marvelous achievement, and those who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and tongue to speak, may well compare their efforts and their achievements with those won by Helen Keller. Struggling against the terrible bonds of silence and darkness, she triumphed over the sightless eyes and the deaf ears and stretched out eager hands to help the world, for she has devoted her life to aiding others similarly afflicted.

Helen Keller was the first deaf and blind girl to receive a college education, for at the age of twenty-four she graduated with high honors from Radcliffe at Cambridge, Massachusetts. By this time she had learned to speak, although



IVY GREEN—THE KELLER HOMESTEAD

she was never to hear the sound of her own voice. Later this gifted young woman, who by the power of her will and the patience of her wonderful teacher had overcome her tremendous handicap, was to address great audiences in different languages, and as a crowning triumph to sing clearly and sweetly so that her voice carried to every corner of a great room.

Today Helen Keller is one of the most remarkable women in the world. She is blind, but sees keenly, deaf, but hears accurately. She is a miracle of a dumb person determined to speak, and speaking; the mastery of the truths and beauty of the universe without eyes or ears. She is a happy, useful woman, and a writer of wonderful power and sympathy. In her book, "The Story of My Life," we have a vivid picture of the childish days at Ivy Green and the coming of Miss Sullivan, who was to play such an important part in the life of the blind child. Others of her books are "Optimism" and "The World I Live In." She is also a frequent contributor to the best magazines.

The story of Helen Keller's brave struggle and achievement should be an inspiration to any who must face life with some terrible handicap, for she, with all the world seemingly shut out from her grasp, overcame the great obstacle that faced her at babyhood, not by any miracle, but by the victory of her own effort and the out-reaching eagerness of her own soul.

Her silence is touched with music, and out of her darkness she makes little songs to cheer and brighten the world. Others are far less fortunate—the intellectually and spiritually blind.

Our Old See

JOHN M. COONEY

NEARLY all Catholics in the middle western states are interested, in some degree at least, in old Bardstown, first because Bardstown was once the episcopal see for all these parts, and again because it is still a fascinating place to all who know it. The name itself appealed to him who was the greatest of our recent Catholic poets as being beautiful and quaint. In its original form, the name was plain and homely; for first it was Beardstown, after that Beard who platted the area for the larger village into which grew the original settlement known as Salem. The latter name makes it seem possible that Bardstown the romantic, the stately, the pleasure-loving, was in its beginning Puritanical.

When those first hardy companies of Catholics moved over the mountains from their homes in Southern Maryland, many of them

took up lands near Bardstown, south of it and east of it mostly, but also to the north and west. It is said that today Catholics make up three-fifths of the population of the county,* the life of the town, for the college and the cathedral,—both named St. Joseph's—were built in 1816, and there was an earlier church structure, whose site is known and marked, nearly twenty-five years earlier. Lafayette was in Bardstown, and Henry Clay, and Louis Phillippe, of France; and Stephen Collins Foster wrote the much loved song, "My Old Kentucky Home," while a guest of Judge John Rowan's at his home, Federal Hill, just across the ravine to the east. Only this year Federal Hill has been made into a State shrine. These are famous names, but they are not greater names than Flaget and David and Badin and others, which stand today for sanctity as well as intellect, and for self-sacrifice and charity that knew no limit. These men were pioneers of civilization and culture as well as of religion, and grateful tributes to their stainless and beneficent lives are offered gladly by local historians not of their faith.

Bardstown was a moment ago termed pleasure-loving. Perhaps it is more distinctively cheerful and sociable, and it may be interesting to know the sources of these distinctive qualities. Once this old town,—it should have been said that it was founded in 1776, and is, after Harrodsburg, the oldest in Kentucky—was called the Athens of the West, and the reputation of its schools attracted young men and young women from great distances, especially from the South, and visiting relatives of these students constituted at certain seasons an important element in local society. Southern hospitality and Southern ante-bellum gayety flourished, and left their impress upon the lives of succeeding generations. Baptists and Presbyterians had thriving schools, but the outstanding institutions of learning were the Catholic College of St. Joseph and the Catholic Academy of Nazareth, for girls. These were attended largely from the South, and at times a clear majority of their students, it is very probable, were non-Catholics.

The Catholic religion, strange though it may seem to certain good people of a forbidding cast of theological conviction, was the second source of Bardstown's perennially happy frame of mind. Good Catholicism should make good conscience, and should not a good conscience make

* Nelson County, named after that Col. Nelson who built Fort Nelson on the Falls of the Ohio, and who came from Virginia when Kentucky was a part of the Old Dominion.

one at least contented? Then, these Maryland Catholics were perhaps the best off of all Catholics in the English-speaking world, free from persecution, and fairly well endowed with this world's goods. Moreover, they were historically, of "good" families, and "had a way with them" of making life as pleasant and as beautiful as life will at all permit.

We must not, however, think that Bardstown is entirely Catholic. There are other small towns and other vicinities in the same and in adjoining counties more nearly so. Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and "Campbellites" all have their churches, and they support them earnestly. But these Protestant folk do not regard the Angelus as a charm nor the Mass as a spell nor the observance of Lent as a heathenish observation. And they certainly do not regard their Catholic fellow citizens as spies of Rome and enemies of the State. During the past summer, certain "travelling salesmen" appeared in Bardstown; and, when their lengthy and mysterious stay was investigated and it was discovered that they were Ku Klux Klansmen and were striving to organize whatever-the-name-is-for-a-branch in Bardstown, the Protestant people in Bardstown took action, as may be seen from the following article which appeared, editorially, in *The Kentucky Standard*, the local newspaper:

TO THE PROTESTANTS OF NELSON COUNTY

Last Thursday morning, very much to our surprise and chagrin, we learned that our peaceful little town was invaded by representatives of what is known as the Ku Klux Klan, having come to our town for the purpose of organizing a Klan in our midst. Do you want it? If you do, why? Do not pass on this question until you consider what you have, what you will give up and what you will receive. What is the purpose of such an organization, or, in other words, what is the effect on your town and community? This should be seriously weighed by every thoughtful person. This organization, in its ultimate effect, is directed against the Catholics, Jews and negroes, or as some have put it, anti-Catholic, anti-Jew, anti-negro. It is, beyond any question of a doubt, a violation of the spirit of the Constitution of the United States if not a violation of the letter; where that sacred instrument provides, that every man may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience without any regulation or restraint by any law of Congress. The preservation of the spirit of this constitution should be held most dear to every intelligent person. It is the cornerstone of our real peace and happiness. Woodman, spare that tree; touch not a single bough, etc. It is the most priceless gem of your heritage. The effect of such an organization is to put one part of the population of your town or community at the throats of the other

part of your population; making one half of the citizens of your town or community enemies of the other half, creating a feeling of hatred and enmity between your citizens that will last until the children of your children are dead and gone. Do you want that? The citizens of Bardstown and Nelson County, Catholic and Protestant, have lived together as friends and neighbors for more than one hundred years, each has been, on many occasions, the means of the other's success and prosperity. They have married and intermarried with one another. The blood of the one courses through the veins of the other. They, together, have had one long wish for the success of the whole. They have borne one another's burdens; they have shared each others' griefs, they have lived as one people. But now these representatives of the Ku Klux Klan, uninvited, came into our town, under the guise of travelling salesmen, and had been at work for a week or ten days, before their real business was generally known, trying to prevail upon some of our good citizens to become the nucleus of an organization that has for its only purpose or ultimate result the destruction of this age-long peace, friendship and neighborship of our good citizens, and offering you in the place of that peace, good will and friendship, discord, bitterness and enmity. Are you willing to pay the price? Many of our good Protestant citizens, of the various churches and also Masons, said no, and recognizing the fact that it should not be left to the Catholics to contend with this menace to the peace of our town and county, met and requested these representatives of the Klan to come before them and hear their reasons why such an organization was not wanted in this town or county. They were permitted to state their case, many of the things being those principles for which all good Protestants and Catholics stand, but the oath in effect being such as to boycott Catholics, who under our constitution and government have the same right to aspire to positions of honor and trust that we have. Do you want to belong to or in any way encourage such an organization? Certainly not. We want every man who offers for an office in this county to stand upon his merits and qualifications for the position and not be measured or elected upon the ground that he is a Protestant or a Catholic. It was impressed upon these representatives that the real success of the Protestants or Catholics of the community depended upon the success of the community as a whole, and that the success of the community as a whole depended upon the peace of the whole, the friendship and neighborly love of the individual units of the whole for one another, and that what they were proposing to introduce would result only in enmity, malice, hatred and strife. They were earnestly requested to cease their work here and they consented so to do. We trust that they will not renew their effort to effect an organization in this community and should they do so, we trust and know that the good sense, the level-headed judgment of nineteen out of every twenty Protestants

in this community will not only refuse to lend aid and comfort to this organization but will frown upon and oppose it. It can work no good for you or yours, but it will work harm for both; it will destroy the peace of your county and the faith and confidence you have in your fellow man, and we urge you to have no hesitancy about taking your stand upon the Democratic principles, "Equal rights to all, exclusive privileges to none."

MORGAN YEWELL,
WALLACE BROWN,
ARCH H. PULLIAM,

Committee named by citizens' meeting.

Would it not be a heartening thing to Catholic citizens everywhere if their Protestant neighbors would speak out against the central idea of Klanism with the manly honesty and courage of these Protestant citizens of Bardstown? Would it not be an ennobling thing for those who did so speak? And would it not be the truly patriotic thing for well disposed Protestants to do?

Two thoughts naturally occur to us here. The first is that, probably, where Catholics are better known by, and more closely associated with, their Protestant fellow citizens, they are better esteemed. This is a consoling thought. The second may be disturbing. It is the thought that Catholics may be in large measure to blame for the little knowledge their Protestant fellow citizens have of them and, consequently, for the little esteem in which, all too commonly, they hold them. Not so long ago a Protestant society woman asked a Catholic friend in the same social circles: "Why are you Catholics so dumb?" Such questions are not asked in Bardstown.

A Martyr's Farewell

An instance of the touching love that ought to exist between brother and sister is shown in the life of the Blessed John Theophane Venard, a missionary to China who received the martyr's crown on February 3, 1861. Two weeks before he shed his blood for Christ, writing from his wooden cage at the solemn hour of midnight, guided by the flickering rays of a feeble oil lamp, the martyr traced for his beloved sister Melanie the following memorable lines, which are but a fragment of his parting message,—

MY DEAREST SISTER:

As my last hour is approaching, I want to send you a special word of love and farewell, for our hearts have been one from our childhood. You have never had a secret from me, nor I from you . . . It was you who shared in the sorrows and joys of my college life; it was

you who strengthened my vocation for the foreign missions. It was with you, my dearest Melanie, that I passed that solemn night of the twenty-sixth of February, 1851, which was our last meeting on earth, and which we spent in conversation so full of intimate thought and feelings of sympathy and holy hope that it reminded me of the farewell of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica . . . Only a few hours and my soul will quit this earth—will finish her exile—will have done with the fight. I shall mount upwards and shall reach our true home . . . I leave you, my dearest sister, in the field of virtue and good works . . . Gather faith, hope, charity, patience, gentleness, perseverance, and a holy death; and so we shall be together now and forevermore. Good-bye, my Melanie! Good-bye, my beloved sister! Adieu!

We cannot calculate the effect of one Communion less in the life of a Christian.—Lacordaire.

Communion—First and Last

T. F. L.

A wreath of buds, a veil all silken,
A dress as white as driven snow,
A soul that God in love had shriven,
A joy that only children know!
These were mine that happy morning
When dear Jesus deigned to pay
His primal visit to my heart
Long ago one happy May.

Outward pomp was due and fitting
When to me God gave Himself.
In the joy of His sweet Presence
How it seemed but worthless pelf!
In my heart His own was beating
How could I then choose but say:
"Jesus, keep unstained forever,
The heart in which You rest today."

Years have vanished, time is fleeting,
And another day draws nigh—
Unto all it is appointed,
Soon or late, some day to die.
Crucifix I see, and candles,
On a table near my bed
Near it stands God's own anointed
Soon to see my poor soul fed.

Once again with Bread of Angels,
Farewell visit now He pays
Light that shone on life's beginning
How You cheer my failing days!
All the debt of praise I owe Thee,
All my service has not given,
Love, thanksgiving, adoration,
Let me render Thee in Heaven.

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Doubling a piano keyboard to halve its length, as had in a recent invention, will eliminate the long armstretches needed for very low and very high notes. The arrangement resembles the keyboard of a two-manual organ.

—Ingenuity has combined the pen and pencil into one,—a mechanical pencil at one end, the fountain pen at the other.

—The 'Penny-in-the-Slot' shines the shoes for one cent. The machine has an automatic brush. It does not apply the paste, but merely 'brushes up' the original good shine covered by mud or dust.

—New bodies in the heavens are now discovered by machinery rather than by direct observation. One such instrument is the 'blink' microscope. Two photographic plates of the heavens, taken days apart, are placed under the microscope. Any change in position of the stars already known, or the appearance of a new body, will cause peculiar 'blinks' or flashes of light in the field of the microscope.

—Alumina cement will resist certain chemicals, and for this reason, its use has grown to one tenth of Portland cement. However, it is slightly higher in price.

—Will the mysteries of Mars be solved this summer? Mars is the planet in the heavens most closely resembling the earth. Two questions among astronomers give promise for answer. One is whether animal life exists on Mars, and the other, whether conditions on Mars are conducive to life. This summer Mars will be the brightest in fifty years, and astronomers, with perfected instruments for measuring heat radiations from stars, will flock to the western and southern parts of the United States for accurate observations.

—Illinois plans radio courses in all its schools. Prominent educators are to speak at a powerful broadcasting station in Chicago during the school hours for the benefit of the school children.

—The very best steam engines change only 17 per cent of the heat from the coal into work. The latest type of the Diesel oil engine changes 41 per cent of the heat into work.

—The Autoplex circuit offers the latest for the radio fan who builds his own set, and is forever trying something different. It is a sort of super-regenerative set, and is by no means a polished product. Radio fans are now forming two classes. One class is forever trying something new. The other realizes that the instruments it now has can be improved by proper use and care.

—A new detector tube for wireless reception, the Sodian Detector tube, has made its bow to the general public. It is said to bring in the signals twice as loud, to be free from squeals and whistles, to have pure tones, and to be stable in operation. Like all new products, it will have to prove this in the acid test of general use.

—A perfect loudspeaker for radio is still to be invented. The vibrating parts of the horns so far in use produce some distortion of sound. Two new inventions are trying to solve the problem. One uses vibrating silk, another uses friction between glass and cork.

—Does a drop of blood give off radio emanations which can be used for a medical diagnosis? Doctor Abrams of San Francisco, recently deceased, made many remarkable claims for such a diagnosis, even to the extent of stating that such tests will show the religion and nationality of the patient. *The Scientific American* after investigation, states that "the electronic reactions, on which electronic technique is built, have not been demonstrated to us in a convincing manner thus far. How can we, therefore, be interested in remarkable cures and striking diagnoses, described in hundreds of letters...when we have no proof of the existence of the delicate reactions on which the entire edifice rests?"

—The United States now has enough helium gas for 200 airships of the size of the navy dirigible Shenandoah. Helium is a light gas valuable for airships, because it will not burn.

—Many plans are proposed to 'burn coal twice.' One or the other is being exploited in the sensational press. The general idea is to treat the coal to secure the combustible products that otherwise pass away in the smoke. No less than eleven American processes are known. The general conclusion as to three processes is that they are still in the experimental stage and are not to be taken up by the small investor.

—A blind man may now read an ordinary book by listening to musical tones! The instrument which makes this possible is called the Optophone. Light from a special electric lamp is moved across the printed characters to be 'read.' This light, modified by the printed letters, is reflected upon a selenium cell. Selenium has the remarkable property of varying the strength of an electric current passing through it in proportion to the light falling upon it. The varying electric current from the selenium cell produces different musical sounds in a telephone receiver. The blind person can learn this 'sound alphabet' in a short time, and may be said to read the printed page.

—Sending the voice from ship to ship on a beam of light is the underlying principle of the Photophone, originally developed for secrecy of messages in the British Navy. The selenium cell, described in the preceding note, is employed. Vibrations of the speaker's voice cause changes in a beam of light which at the receiving instrument are changed by the selenium cell into the original speech.

—The Marconi Company has developed the Otophone, said to be the most efficient device on the market for assisting defective hearing.

—Balloon tires look like big doughnuts, but they

ride easier than doughnuts. The balloon tire is much larger than the usual tire, but its increased size allows of one half the usual pressure. This in turn allows the tire to envelop smaller obstructions in the road, such as bricks, instead of bouncing over them. The car is freed from jolts and bumps, with resultant comfort for the passenger, and longer life for the machinery. The tire carries about 35 pounds pressure. Thin side walls allow the flexion necessary to envelop the bumps without the injury to the tire that results in the ordinary thick walled tire when underinflated. The advantages of the balloon tire are many: greater comfort for passengers; longer life to machinery, car, and tire; less danger from punctures. The disadvantages are: the kicking up of much dust; the greater splashing of mud; a slight increase in fuel consumption; at times a greater difficulty in steering.

—Visions and predictions as to the future of air travel are growing more sane. With a speed of nearly 300 miles per hour for airplanes, the partial loss of consciousness of the pilot who made the record, raises the question as to whether the human element can keep pace with the mechanical development. The cheap fuel consumption of the larger types of dirigibles point to their use of longer, trans-oceanic voyages, with the airplanes for shorter trips.

—A moving platform with seats is suggested for solving the congestion in New York subways. A working model is at present in operation at Jersey City. The system of propulsion is very interesting. Instead of mounting a complete electrical motor on the platform, and transmitting the power to the wheels, a modification of the electric motor is used. The stationary part in a motor is straightened out to be fixed in the roadbed between the tracks. The moving part of a motor is straightened out to form a continuous section under the seats. The reaction between the two electric-magnetic fields propels the track onward.

—When a person awakes after an operation, nausea and vomiting usually result from the anesthetic. This is now avoided by the use of acetylene for anesthesia. The acetylene must be so pure that the doctor prefers calling it narylene. The familiar odor of acetylene is due to one of the impurities and is not had in narylene. Narylene also permits of a more rapid return to consciousness without pain.

—The old evolutionary theory that the belief in a One God arose among men from baser forms of religion is now rejected by reputable scientists. Catholic missionaries and scholars in recent publications have shown still more conclusively that man's first belief was in a One God. Bishop Le Roy, who labored for more than thirty years among the Pygmies of South America, found among these primitive people the belief in a One God. Dr. Koppers, S. V. D., in 1922, found the same evidence among the Indians of Tierra del Fuego. Doctor Brunsman, S. V. D., in an article, "The Monotheistic Origin of Religion," after producing evidence for nearly every portion of the globe, summarizes for Africa as

follows: "We found the belief in a Supreme Being everywhere prevalent. In Him the Africans recognize the creator of the world and the source of all good, without, however, showing him in general any special reverence or honor."

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

- A vacuum cleaner is a "collective" noun.
- For the pedestrian, every year is a leap year.
- The reduction specialist lives on the fat of the land.
- If you understand only English, it is lonesome to be among radio fans.
- Deafness is not such a curse when you consider jazz music and some radio outfits.
- Rating cars according to horsepower is not as good as rating the drivers according to horse sense.
- A magnet attracts steel, whilst a magnate attracts gold and attention.
- If one may judge from the way some people drive, they certainly trust in God.
- The treasures of heaven are tax-free securities.
- Evolution: Dress, \$3.75; frock, \$19.98; gown, \$65; creation, \$225.
- Every fur bearing animal can become seal after death.

MISCELLANEOUS

—Nathan Loar, of Leavenworth, Kansas, died on January 6th at the age of 102. Born in Kentucky, October 14, 1821, Mr. Loar served throughout the Mexican War under General Winfield Scott. At the close of the war he went to Leavenworth, but in 1852 he went back to his native state to marry Miss Emily Lancaster, then with his wife he returned to Kansas to live. In 1912 the aged couple celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. Mrs. Loar died three years later at the age of 93. Of their ten children four sons and two daughters survive. Besides these there are also 49 grandchildren and 54 great-grandchildren.

—A dictionary of the sign language, as "spoken" by the deaf and dumb, showing very minutely by means of several hundred half-tone illustrations how the signs are made and what they mean, is the work of a Redemptorist missionary, Rev. Daniel D. Higgins, of St. Louis. This book, which has a very copious index, will be of great benefit to priests who have deaf-mutes in their parishes. It is claimed for this dictionary that within an hour's time the essentials of the sign language may be grasped so as to enable one to carry on a conversation.

—The Congregation of the Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary have drawn up plans for an international shrine of the Immaculate Heart of Mary at Rome. The church will be circular in form, traversed by a Greek cross, on the arms of which will rise four magnificent chapels. The Holy Father examined the plans and gave them the final touches with his own hand.

—Sir Esme Howard, British Envoy to Washington, who succeeds Sir Auckland Geddes, is the first Catholic

to hold this important post. Sir Esme is not a stranger at Washington, for he served as Counsellor of the embassy from 1906 to 1908.

—The Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, of the Methodist Church, recently made a survey of the religious affiliations of the Senators and the Representatives of the Sixty-Eighth Congress. The Board reports that of the ninety-three Senators professing church affiliation only seven were Catholic, and of the 414 Representatives with church affiliation, thirty-eight were Catholic. And yet our friends—the enemy—complain that Rome is controlling the Government.

—Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, professor of English literature first at Notre Dame University, then at the Catholic University, and from 1907 to 1918 Minister to Denmark, died at his home in Brooklyn on January 15th. Dr. Egan also acquired a name as writer of novels, poetry, and works of non-fiction.

—Rev. Matthew S. Smith, associated with his twin brother, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas P. Smith, in the government of Sacred Heart parish, Altoona, Pa., died on January 12th, after being ill of pneumonia for two weeks. The deceased was one of twelve children. Besides other relatives at the deathbed were two sisters, who are Sisters of St. Joseph, and two nephews, Rev. F. Gregory and Rev. Matthew Smith, of Denver. The latter is editor of the *Denver Catholic Register*.

—Very Rev. Edward Howard, recently named auxiliary to Bishop Davis, of Davenport, Iowa, is the third president of Columbia College to be appointed bishop.

—Rev. George T. Fette, educator, linguist, inventor, died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Covington, Kentucky, January 16th. Father Fette, who had been a married man, took up theology after the death of his wife in 1917. His ordination occurred in June, 1919. By profession Father Fette was a dentist, and for many years he had been professor of chemistry in the Ohio Dental College at Cincinnati. Since his ordination he had been a professor of the seminary at Detroit.

—According to present plans Loyola University of Chicago is to have fourteen buildings. Of this number five are now completed. In January there was added to the university group the Chicago College of Dental Surgery with its 620 students.

—Since December 31, 1923, married women are no longer permitted to teach in the schools of Baden, Germany. On that date all so employed were discharged.

—The Church at Texarkana, Arkansas, mourns the loss of a faithful son in the person of Mr. Roger O'Dwyer, who died early in the new year. Shortly before his death word had come from Rome that Pope Pius XI had conferred upon Mr. O'Dwyer the dignity of Knight of St. Gregory. The ceremony was to have taken place in the Cathedral at Little Rock sometime in February. As death was inevitable, the honors were conferred privately.

—A baptismal dress that has become an heirloom, being handed down from generation to generation, is a

treasure that is preserved in the Chatard family at Baltimore. It is now ninety years since this garment was brought to the United States from Santo Domingo by Pierre Chatard. The late Bishop Chatard, of Indianapolis, wore this dress at baptism in the Baltimore Cathedral eighty-eight years ago. The same dress has been used time and again for the same holy function. The most recent wearer was the infant son of Dr. Joseph A. Chatard, of Baltimore.

—The Jesuits of St. Francis Xavier Church, St. Louis, have received from Rome an authentic, first-class relic of St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of India. The relic is a particle of the flesh of the saint.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas V. Tobin, lately rector of the Cathedral at Little Rock, Arkansas, member of the staff of St. John's Seminary, and contributing editor to *The Guardian*, died on January 18th. Mgr. Tobin, who was born in Co. Waterford, Ireland, in 1863, is mourned by non-Catholics as well as by Catholics. The deceased was a brother of Rev. John P. Tobin, of San Francisco.

BENEDICTINE

—Invitations were extended to all alumni and friends of St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, to attend on January 13th and 14th the formal opening of the new, and possibly finest, gymnasium in the middle west. The building, which is thoroughly equipped and modern in every detail, was given a high-power radiophone by the architects, Brielmaier & Sons, of Milwaukee.

—The blessing of the new college building of the Benedictine Sisters at Mt. St. Scholastica Convent, Atchison, took place on the feast of St. Maurus, January 15th. Rt. Rev. Bishop John Ward celebrated a Pontifical High Mass. In the afternoon the new Hope-Jones organ, a \$20,000 instrument, was heard for the first time. The organ is said to be a whole symphony orchestra in itself.

—For several years past Rev. Dom Adélaïde Bouvilliers, O. S. B., of Belmont Abbey, North Carolina, who has been writing the "Benedictine Chronicle" for *THE GRAIL*, sailed for France on January 26th. Dom Adélaïde, who is organist at the Belmont Cathedral, will remain for some nine months at the famous Abbey of Solesmes, which quite recently reverted into the hands of its lawful owners. There he will perfect himself in Gregorian chant.

—The Report of the National Benedictine Educational Association, which convened at Conception Abbey from August 1 to 3, 1923, was distributed in January. The report contains the papers and the discussions held at the convention. One university, three seminaries, and thirteen colleges are members of the association.

Gleanings from the Harvest Field

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

—"All aboard for Chinatown!" Acting upon the axiom that "charity begins at home," a mission has
(Continued on page 395)



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—March is so often wild and windy that it has won itself a bad reputation, and we have become accustomed to having it come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, or vice versa. But no matter how badly it behaves we love it for it heralds the springtime, and we look for the crocus, or pasch flower, the modest violet, and the yellow dandelion, and expectantly listen for the robin's "Cheer-up! Cheer-up!" We then know that winter is to be cataloged with the past, that spring is at hand, and sweet summer not far away.

Among the saints of the month the principal feasts we celebrate are those of St. Thomas Aquinas, the 7th; St. Patrick, the 17th; St. Joseph, the 19th; St. Benedict, the 21st; and on the 25th the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Ash Wednesday, which marks the beginning of Lent, occurs this year on the 5th of March. Easter Sunday falls on the 20th of April. Lent is a time of penance and of mortification commemorating the sufferings and death of the Divine Redeemer, and of preparation for His joyful resurrection.

Aside from the usual fast and abstinence during Lent, pious Catholics are expected to say special prayers, and practice little acts of self-denial. To say the rosary each night before retiring is an excellent custom. Reciting the stations of the cross is also a pious practice, and one that should not be neglected. Those who can, should try to attend Holy Mass every day and receive Holy Communion as often as they can. Each of us shall enjoy Easter in proportion to the amount of preparation we make for it.

Why the Robin's Breast is Red

The Savior, bowed beneath His cross,
Climbed up the dreary hill,
While from the agonizing wreath
Ran many a crimson rill.
The brawny Roman thrust him on
With unrelenting hand—
Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
He fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near
That memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench
One single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast,
And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The robin wears his silver vest
Incarnadined with red.

Ah, Jesu! Jesu! Son of Man!
My dolor and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this
Winged Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight,
Or caverns of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from Thy dear brow,
But planted thousands there!

St. Patrick

It is not known for certain where and when St. Patrick was born, but the best authorities believe that he was born in Gaul, a part of France, and that he was a grandnephew of St. Martin of Tours. His mother's name was Conchessa. She was a niece of St. Martin. Calphurnius was the father of St. Patrick. When St. Patrick was a little boy he was called Succath. He was named Patrick by Pope Celestine.

When Patrick was small, he did not show any tendency to be more pious than other children. When he was sixteen, he and some companions were captured by pirates. He was taken to Ireland and sold to a ruler the same as Joseph was sold into Egypt. His master placed him in charge of flocks. While Patrick was doing his work, he was, of course, very lonely, and he began to think seriously about religion. He tells in the account that he has written of his captivity that he prayed a hundred times a day and as often during the night. It was during this time that Patrick heard the voice of God speak to his soul. He never expected to see his home or friends again. He thought he must spend all of his days herding cattle. One night whilst he was sleeping, he heard a voice bidding him rise and go to his own country. "Who calls me?" asked Patrick. Again the voice spoke, "Patrick, arise and go into thine own country. A ship awaits thee in which thou canst sail thither."

Patrick arose and went to the seashore, where he saw a vessel about to sail.

At first the captain refused to take him on board the ship, and Patrick started away in sorrow. But the captain took pity on him and called him back. After three days they reached land but it was in a strange place. For twenty-seven days they wandered about searching for food. St. Patrick asked, "Why not pray for help?" Accordingly they prayed to God for help. Soon they came across a herd of hogs. They killed one and ate it.

Patrick was received with great joy by his family when he finally reached home, and although he was glad to see his relatives, he kept thinking of the land where he was held as a captive for so long a time.

One night he dreamed that the people in Ireland were calling him to come to them. He was much impressed by this dream, and soon set out to become a monk.

There were people in parts of Ireland who had not yet heard of the Christian religion, although there were traces of Christianity as early as the first century. After St. Patrick had been made a bishop by Pope Celestine, he went to the eastern coast of Leinster. It seemed as if Ireland had been waiting for St. Patrick, for no sooner did he begin to preach than people flocked to him by the thousands, and God permitted him to accomplish many wonderful things. His doctrine of brotherly love appealed to their tender hearts. Churches and monasteries were founded in great numbers. The finest young men of Ireland consecrated their lives to God. The fairest girls in the land chose Christ as their spouse.

As Lent approached, it was the custom of St. Patrick

to retire to a high mountain where he spent forty days without taking food. It is said that once while staying here, he called all the venomous snakes and reptiles of the country together and bade them depart into the sea. They obeyed him, and since that time Ireland has been free from snakes.

It was the firm faith planted in the souls of the Irish by this beloved and illustrious apostle which enabled them to endure and to transmit to their descendants the spirit of patience and fidelity they never lost when, to profess the Catholic faith in Ireland, was to be hunted and despised.

St. Patrick always traveled on foot and slept on the bare ground. He lived to be 120 years old.

It is written of him that he built 365 churches, consecrated nearly three hundred bishops, and ordained nearly three thousand priests. The people were so pious that they put aside one-tenth of their earnings each year to found churches and monasteries.

It was revealed to St. Patrick by an angel as to when and where he should die. He commissioned St. Bridget to make his shroud.

The shamrock, which is so dearly loved by the Irish, it being their national emblem, owes its origin to the circumstance that St. Patrick used a sprig of this three-leaved plant to explain the mystery of the blessed Trinity. In Ireland a dispensation from fasting is granted on St. Patrick's Day, which is observed as a very joyful occasion.

Uncle Dick

KATE AYERS ROBERT

If there's a man upon the earth
That ought to have a kick,
It is my mother's brother,
Whom we all call "Uncle Dick."
He's sure the meanest fellow
That ever you did see,
I don't know why my father
Let them give his name to me.

Ma says that "he is very rich,"
But he says, "'tisin't true"—
When it comes down to believing,
What's a little boy to do?
The other day a lady came
To get a contribution
For children living down the street
Who were in destitution.

My Uncle Dick he got so cross,
I felt a flush of shame,
When the lady asked me, going out,
To tell her what's my name.
I wish my Uncle would be kind,
Instead of cheap and cross,
'Cause folks don't like to work like smoke
To please a stingy boss.

When I grow up and have the chance
To name a little boy,
I'll pick out just the grandest one
And make him smile for joy,
Then when a person says to him,
"Here, Buddie, what's your name?"
He'll answer, "Robert Lee, Sir!"
And never once feel shame.

The naming of a baby is
A mighty serious thing,
It lasts as long as he does,
Even memories of it cling;

Now let me ask a favor, please.
Whenever you must pick
A name for any little boy,
Just remember "Uncle Dick."

Our Little Missionaries

A missionary club of seventh grade girls at St. Patrick's School, Eau Claire, Wis., has written us through its president, Carolyn Nielsen, to inquire for the names of some poor missionaries to whom funds could be sent. In a private letter we gave the information desired. We would say in general that wherever there are missionaries funds are needed.

It gives us real pleasure to hear of the interest shown in the missions by the missionary club. Such activity is very pleasing to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We would suggest that each member of this missionary club, as well as all our other Boys and Girls, read on the Editor's Page in this number a short article which is entitled, "A Plea for Catholic Publications." There is something in it, we are sure, that will prove of interest to all of you. It tells you one way of being missionaries at home.

That makes us think of something else. For a long time we have been wanting to get our Boys and Girls interested in a splendid little mission work that hides under the big name of International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. Through prayer and the Holy Eucharist the League hopes to attain its grand object, which is, union and harmony and peace among all the Catholics of the whole world, then, the return of Protestants to the Catholic Church, and, finally, the conversion of the pagans, the Jews, and the Mohammedans. Do you know that nearly two-thirds of the whole human race does not yet know and love the Sacred Heart and has never been baptized? It will take many prayers and Holy Communion before all become Christians. Won't you help?

Don't you think that the League has a grand object to pray for? That all men might be united with Him in heaven was the reason that our Savior came down upon earth to suffer and die for us. That all men may be united with Him in heaven is the object of the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. Don't you want to help Him to save the souls for which He died? Of course you do.

An easy means to help in bringing about the conversion of all men is offered you in the League. All that you have to do as members, besides giving good example at all times, is to make each day a short offering of all the Masses and Holy Communion of the whole world for the intention of the League. This you can do at any time and in any place. Besides this, you should offer up for the same intention an occasional Holy Communion that you receive and a Mass that you attend. That is all that is required. There are no membership dues or fees to be paid and no collections are taken up for the League. It is really a Eucharistic League of prayer. Of course, if you have a few pennies to spare at the time you enter the League, you may offer them as a little alms to help pay the expense of postage, printing, and the like.

We wonder whether the missionary club of St. Patrick's School will be the first to join the League, and who will be next? For certificates of membership and for other information you may apply to Rev. Father Benedict, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Tommy—What makes that electric sign go 'round and 'round, daddy?

Daddy—Five thousand dollars a year, my son.

Qualifications of a Good Public Man

My idea of the necessary qualifications of a good public man can best be given by quoting to you from the renowned scholar, J. G. Holland:

"God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lusts of office will not buy;
Men whom the spoils of office will not kill;
Men who have honor and who will not lie;
Men who possess opinions, and a will;
Men who can stand before a domagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking."

One of the first requisites of a good public man is that he must have a strong mind for without strength there can be no greatness. He must be able to think clearly and act wisely on all questions which pertain to public welfare. He must be unselfish and must lay aside personal likes and dislikes if he is to serve the public in the greatest capacity. Without a strong mind he cannot do this. Closely allied to a strong mind, he has a "great heart, true faith, and ready hands," which aid him to love his fellow men to believe in them and to be ever ready to help them.

A good public man is above the petty schemes of office-seekers who will resort to anything low, mean, and despicable in order to obtain the coveted position which will help them to greater dishonesties.

The good public man cannot be swerved from his purpose by the spoils of office. When he is tempted to betray the trust imposed in him by unprincipled scoundrels, he will stand like a giant in his righteousness, never swerving from the path of duty. Bribes of gold and silver he will spurn.

Another qualification is honor: a man of high moral worth, a man who rightfully attracts esteem, respect. He must be noble and upright. He must be worthy of consideration. He will act in strict conformity with right, justice, and truth. The good man scorns a lie; he despises an untruth, he hates deception, he loathes trickery, he recoils from the sneak.

Another characteristic found in the good public man is that of possessing opinions of his own, and the will to carry them out. He is not ruled by this man and that. He does not take a certain view when talking to one person, and immediately change his mind to suit the next speaker who appears. He takes a firm stand upon questions of right and wrong, and having once formed his convictions, he remains true to his ideal.

Lastly, the good public man must "live above the fog in public duty and in private thinking." In the discharge of his public duties he will be level-headed, he will not be tossed about on the wave of public opinion, he will not be in doubt as to whether or not he is pursuing the right course in the discharge of the obligations of his office. Years of right thinking in private life will have trained his mind to be keen in recognizing the right and showing him the path he must pursue.

To sum up, the qualifications of a good public man are: a strong mind, an altruistic spirit, a love for his fellow men, a hatred of whatever is low, mean, and despicable, a love for justice, truth, and right. A. V. H.

A Nonsense Rime

Whoever saw a bunny bunt,
Or saw a robin rob;
Whoever saw a pickerel pick
Sweetcorn from off a cob?
Whoever heard a worn-out shoe
A-worrying 'bout its sole?

Whoever saw a milkweed milk,
Or a ladyslipper slip,
Or a big trip-hammer
Go off upon a trip?
Whoever saw a rocking-horse
Rocking itself to sleep?
Whoever saw the little girl
Who called herself Bopeep?
Whoever saw a puppy dog
That couldn't wag its tail?
Whoever saw a hailstone
Made of anything but hail?
Whoever saw a dandelion
That was not a regular dandy?
Whoever saw a little boy
Afraid of choc'late candy?
Whoever saw a rose arise,
Or a black-eyed Susan wink,
Must have had a dreadful cold
In his head I think.
Whoever has seen all these things,
Or even one, indeed,
Before he went to bed, I know,
Had eaten crazy weed.

A. V. H.

Destiny

"One ship sails East, another West,
By the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale,
That determines the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the calm or strife."

The Catholic Girl

"And just think—she's a Catholic."

That is an expression you are sure to hear when it is mooted about that a Catholic girl has made a mistake, or committed a crime that has offended the community. It is an expression that frequently comes from women of the Catholic faith. When girls of another faith err, no one says: "Just think—she's a Presbyterian, Baptist," or any other denomination. When a native of this state violates the law of his state, no one exclaims: "And just think—he is a Pennsylvanian." Then why do we say, "and just think—she's a Catholic?"

It is because those in and without the Catholic Church expect more from Catholic girls than they do from other girls. This belief is not founded on the assumption that the Catholic girl is better born nor made of nobler stuff than her sister of another faith. Society and business expect more from the Catholic girl because the Catholic Church keeps a watchful eye on those of the Church from the day they are born to the hour they are returned to mother earth.

The fundamental education of the children of the Catholic Church is honesty, truth, fidelity, and strict morality. The world knows what the Catholic Church teaches, day after day, and consequently the world expects more from people so taught than they do from the people who take the world as it comes. The business man does not expect too much from the Catholic girl. As a rule she is generally what she is taught.

No higher compliment can be paid to the girl than the exclamation, "And just think—she's a Catholic." Business and society expect more from the Catholic girl on account of the way she has been taught. The Catholic girl, through her Church, has been given the opportunity to be the cleanest, the most wholesome and

the 100
girls, as
of the we
she cau
has no
errs. SH
girl is n
girl of
not to bl

The
but in
to her
heaven
while
the an
was a
happy
"Go
And
with
"N
grave
Then
"N
"Q
woul
of th
"J
heav

Dea
J
Yor
che
aro
it is
Cor
pub
lar
to
on
tov
bo
ite
I
wh

the 100 per cent honest girl of the world. Catholic girls, as a rule, come up to the expectation of the rest of the world. That is why when a Catholic girl offends, she causes somewhat of a shock. The Catholic Church has no occasion to blush for the Catholic girl who errs. She has been taught differently. If the Catholic girl is not the best, the purest and the most wholesome girl of the world, the Church and its teachers are not to blame.—*Standard and Times*.

The Voice Within

A bonny little girl one day
Paused in her busy round of play,
As her dear mother came that way.

"May I?" she said, as soft and clear
She whispered in her mother's ear
So low that no one else could hear.

Her mother answered, as she smiled,
"By nothing wrong be thou beguiled,
What says the voice within thee, child?"

The little maiden went her way;
Soon back she came. I heard her say,
"The little voice within says 'Nay'."

Oh, children, heed the voice within;
The little voice your hearts would win,
And keep your feet from paths of sin.

Tumblers and Thimbles

The Little Flower was just a child of three years, but immensely interested in all things that pertained to her holy Religion. One day when thinking about heaven, she began to wonder how it was possible that, while all see God and are perfectly happy in heaven, the amount of glory each receives is not the same. She was afraid that in that case all would not be quite happy, and she said so to her sister Celine.

"Go fetch me papa's tumbler," said the older girl. And Therese got it, wondering what she would do with it.

"Now give me your little thimble," went on Celine gravely. And taking it she set it up beside the tumbler. Then she filled both with water.

"Now," asked Celine, "which is fuller?"

"One is as full as the other," replied Therese: "it would be impossible to put any more water in either of them; they could no hold it."

"Just so," concluded Celine wisely, "will it be in heaven with the delights of the blessed."—*Exchange*.

Letter Box

43 Main St., Irvington, N. Y.

Dear Aunt and Cousins,

Just thought I'd breeze in and say something for New York state or rather Irvington, a little town in Westchester County. It's very small, one of the smallest around this way. It has only one Catholic church but it is a very beautiful one. It is called the Immaculate Conception. We also have a Catholic school, and a public school; I go to the public school, which is very large and one of the finest around. Irvington used to be called Dearmon, but it was changed to Irvington on account of Washington Irving. We have a large town hall. We have a Library where I get many nice books. Here are a few jokes.

"Oh no!" said Johnny bitterly, "there aint no favorites in this family. Oh, no! if I bite my finger nails, I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot, they think it's cute."

"Gimme three cigars," ordered O'Rourke shoving a quarter across the counter.

"Strong ones or mild?" "Gimme the strong ones, the mild ones break in my pocket."

Hoping to get some correspondence from girls about twelve years old, I am,

Your devoted reader,
Eleanor McGovern.

985 Atlantic St., Appleton, Wis., Jan. 25, 1924.

Dear Cornerites:

I have just been reading the "Grail" for the second or third time and have at last brought up enough courage to write to all you people.

I am sure none of you remember me. I have asked for correspondence through the "Grail" about a year ago and I surely did obtain what I asked, for I have yet some far away but most intimate friends.

How is it we hardly ever see letters from Wisconsin in the corner? Who would like to correspond with a girl of her own State, Wisconsin? I would.

I will give a short description of our beautiful city Appleton. It has pretty sceneries looking over the hills in valley of the Fox River, many large buildings and especially paper mills, seven nicely arranged parks for the enjoyment of grown-ups as well as children, and many other places of interest.

As my letter is getting long I will close hoping to hear from a reader of Wisconsin, "The Badger State."

Your new friend,
Daisy.

P. S. I am fifteen years of age.

Lyons, Wis., Box 215, Jan. 14, 1924.

Dear Aunt Agnes: I have always wanted to join the Corner and now that I really found a chance to write I'll ask your permission to join.

Who am I? Margaret McLane; a girl that formerly lived in Ferdinand, Indiana, and attended school at the Academy of the Immaculate Conception. I had several chances to see the Seminary at St. Meinrad, and I must say it is a lovely place. I know Rev. Father Dominic Barthel, O. S. B., the priest that wrote that "Handbook of Elocution."

I am now living in Lyons, a little burg, the population being four hundred.

I also go to school. I am attending the Burlington High School and like it real well. This is my first year and only have four subjects. I am fifteen years old but do not think that I never passed every year because I did.

Your new friend,
Margaret McLane.

P. S. I almost forgot to tell you that I would like to have the Cornerites write to me.

The editor has a copy of the "Handbook of Elocution." Write again.

Ambridge, Pa., 516 Beaver Road, Jan. 15, 1924.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have written to you telling you that I would like to have correspondents. Well a few girls wrote to me probably you know them, they are:

Mary Walczak, of Ellwood City, Pa., and Lucille Canary, of Lebanon, Ky. I am very much pleased. It was thro the "Corner" and you that I got these correspondents. Probably the readers of the "Corner" would like to know of my hometown, Ambridge.

Ambridge is a rather small borough. It first grew up in this way. George Rapp came here from Butler County bringing with him a pretty large number of

families. They bought a large tract of land and built on it a large house. In this house the people lived. George Rapp had a small den built about as big as a stump of the largest tree in the U. S. In this den he spent hours reading and looking over his bills. This was all in the year of 1824. To this day the "Economite House" (that's what it is called) stands. I have been thro' it, for it is open to the public. There are such rare objects as Music boxes, 4 post beds, crazy pattern quilts, the stove that Ben Franklin first invented, the piano that Virginia Rapp, his daughter, played on; the pots, pans, crockery, etc., that the Economites made; hats, dresses, clothing of all kinds. The big lawn with its green house, roses and ramblers. Oh! its just a wonderful sight. A big pond where there are gold fishes. Then there is the church they went to. But it's in ruins, the steps to the bell tower are broken. Plaster has fallen from the ceilings, the floor is all broken up, the pews dusty, windows cracked, the window shutters off their hinges. The large entrance doors open and shut every time the wind blows. The only people living in the Economite house are Mr. and Mrs. John S. Duss. Ambridge has five public schools and three Catholic Schools: The Holy Redeemer School, St. Veronica's School, St. Stanislaus School. Of course there is also a police station and post office.

Ambridge is improving rapidly. Many new homes are being built, and more stores are being put up. Ambridge was named after one of the large industrial shops—the American Bridge Co. Taking Am and Bridge. This shop is situated near the Ohio River. They get all the Electric Power from it. Pittsburgh is 17 miles from here. Well, as I have not much more to write I will close, promising to answer all letters written to me. If Aunt Agnes gives her consent, I will write about one of the interesting events when I was spending my summer vacation in Youngstown, Ohio. It is a rather peculiar event and will probably make the readers laugh. Well, again—Good-bye.

Yours Affectionately,
Mary Rita Schaffo.

Please write your experience Mary, but use one side only of the paper.

Braddock, Pa., 1252 Cherry Way.

Dear Corner:

I am writing this letter because everytime I read this corner for Children, I think to myself that I surely could do the same. I would like to join the corner too. I am in the Eighth Grade and am 14 years of age.

Now just a few lines about my home town, Braddock. Here the atmosphere is very smoky because of the steel works nearby. Sometimes in the morning you can't see 25 yards in front of yourself. We have the largest steel works which are the Carnegie's. This is my first letter, so please excuse my writing and my mistakes.

Yours truly,
Anna Maty.

Come again, Anna.

Box 407, Ely, Minnesota, Jan. 26, 1924.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been reading the "Grail" for a long time so thought it time for me to join the "Children's Corner."

I am 13 years old and I am in the eighth grade. I should be very glad if the boys and girls would write to me.

Will you please tell me the rules you have for the "Children's Corner"?

The weather here is very cold. I go to St. Anthony's Church.

I would write about Ely but my Cousin Rose Kovall has written it to you already.

I have not very much to say so I will close.

Agnes Kovall.

Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 14, 1924.

Dear Miss Agnes,

I am writing this letter to let you know that I would like to join the Children's Corner.

I go to the Holy Spirit R. C. School. Our Pastor is Rev. Father Dittrich. Our school is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. The principal of the school is Sister M. Augustine.

The chief attraction of this city is the ocean and the board-walk, which is seven miles long.

Mary Fitzgerald,
220 N. Vermont Ave.

In your next letter describe the ocean for us.

Letter Contest

To encourage our Boys and Girls to write interesting and worth-while letters to the "Corner" we have opened a "letter contest." As was announced some months ago, a prize will be given for the best letter of the month. Read the following rules carefully and do your best:

LETTER CONTEST RULES

Each letter must be original.

Write in ink, or use typewriter, if possible.

Use one side only of the paper.

Leave a margin of three inches at top of first page.

Leave margin at each side of page.

Sign your name and address at the right, and your age and grade at the left.

As prize for the best letter of the month we shall give a certificate together with a print of one of Abbey's beautiful paintings, of which there are fifteen, representing scenes from the legend of the "Holy Grail." Both the certificate and the print are suitable for framing.

But one prize will be given each month.

Letters must reach the "Corner" by March 25th for the May number of "The Grail." The subject for May is "My Favorite Saint of the month."

Address all letters to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

The first contribution to the "Letter Contest" was received from Julia May O'Toole, age 13, eighth grade, of Warburton Ave., Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., who will receive a prize picture. Let us hope that many contributions will be received each month.

AN IDEAL MARCH DAY

Stormy March has come at last!

But I think that today is an "ideal March Day."

The wind is blowing so hard that I have all I can do to keep my hat on.

In the fields the grasses are nodding back and forth, and they let us know that March is at last here, and that the beautiful Springtime is near at hand when all nature rejoices once more at the blossoming of Aaron's rod.

Ah! how beautiful is the month of March, the tall and lofty trees swaying back and forth with the loud March wind seem to repeat its roar; they, too, look today, as if they soon will have their leaves once more.

The sky is a beautiful blue, so beautiful that I must stand and look at the scene. The wild March hare is running through the long grass once more.

I think that today is "an Ideal March Day." Let us hope that all days will continue so.

Julia May O'Toole.

Puzzles

Last month when we opened this column, we asked our Boys and Girls to send us original puzzles, charades, conundrums, and other "head-breakers." Have you nothing that you can offer for these guessing contests? When you have a party you find guessing contests amusing and entertaining. Wouldn't they be just as entertaining and amusing in the "Children's Corner," where we meet once a month for a little entertainment? Here we come together for a pleasant chat, to see how many new playmates have joined our ranks and to get acquainted with them; or to see who has written a letter, or who hasn't, who has contributed a story or a poem, or who took the prize in the "Letter Contest." Help us to make the "Corner" even more interesting than it now is. Remember it is your "Corner."

How many guessed the answer to the first puzzle, the word of five letters that is to be found on every page of this magazine? Yes, that's it—"Grail, rail, ail, il(l) l." The answer to the second was surely guessed by the girls. It was "doll."

The following puzzles were submitted by Vincent Joseph Hering, aged ten, Royal, Nebraska.

Rearrange the letters and you will have the names of cities in the United States.

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. Gannsil | 7. Ooaamlhk iytc |
| 2. Teallsesaah | 8. Lmiekeuaw |
| 3. Soramactne | 9. Saidomn |
| 4. Sobie | 10. Tusain |
| 5. Fignirdelsp | 11. Sna Nootian |
| 6. Ghraurbstri | 12. Echeynen |

Conundrums

1. What is black and white and red all over?
2. When was beef the highest?
3. Behind the wall I hear him call; his head is flesh, his mouth is horn; and such a thing was never born.

Arithmetical Puzzle

Draw a rectangle three inches square and divide it into nine equal parts. In the squares thus formed write the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, so that the sum of any three numbers in the same row, in the same column, or in the same diagonal will equal 15.

Exchange Smiles

Mother—Yes, son, fish go about in schools.

Bobby—I was wondering what school does if some fisherman happens to catch the teacher.

Mother—Dorothy, you have disobeyed mother by racing around and making all that noise. Now you shan't have that piece of candy.

Father (entering a few minutes later)—Why so quiet little one?

Dorothy—I've been fined for speedin'.

A domestic disaster had occurred in the household and ten-year-old Bobbie had been sent on a hurry call to bring the family physician.

"Doctor, doctor!" he cried. "My little brother's swallowed a quarter. Would it pay to have you take it out?"

Teacher—"Do you know the population of New York?"

Pupil—"Not all of them, ma'am; we've only lived here two years."

Small Boy (on arrival at cottage)—"Mummy, where is the bathroom?"

Mother—"There isn't any bathroom, dear."

Small Boy—"Good! This is going to be a real holiday!"

Gleanings From the Harvest Field

(Continued from page 389)

been begun at the Church of the Transfiguration, 29 Mott St., New York City, to convert the Chinese there. The official monthly review, "The Mission," which bears the motto: "Let the star of our Christian civilization appear also in Chinatown," contains items of interest as to the success and needs of this mission.

—In September of last year the corner stone of the new St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary at Scarlboro, Ontario, was laid.

—As we survey the mission field, ripe for the harvest, we see how little of the grain has been garnered and how much still remains to be gathered into the Lord's barn. Of China's population of 436,004,953, we find 2,142,000 Catholics. In Japan, which has a population of 78,262,700, there are 172,489 Catholics. India Burma, and Ceylon have 2,970,163 Catholics out of a population of 315,156,396. Of the 8,000,000 inhabitants of Persia, 3,500 profess the Catholic faith. Malaysia has 127,446 Catholics out of a population of 42,356,010. Australasia and Polynesia number 237,046 Catholics out of 5,708,338 inhabitants. In Africa and the African Islands we find 2,737,223 Catholics out of a population of 180,000,000. The harvest indeed is great but the laborers are few.

—Join the International Eucharistic League. It asks, not for your money, but for your prayers to aid the laborers in the harvest field and to bring all to the unity of faith.

—The Apostolic Vicariate of Central Australia has 8,400 Catholics. The first missionaries went thither 80 years ago.

—Of the 285,000 inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands, 70,000 are Catholics. The native inhabitants form scarcely a sixth of the population, the Japanese almost half.

—The Catholics of Canada, who number 3,383,633, form 39 per cent of the total population. The adherents of the other sects are: Presbyterians, 1,408,812; Anglicans, 1,407,959; Methodists, 1,158,744. 19,000 profess no religion.

—According to the opinion of a writer in the "Josephinum Weekly," the greatest event of the year 1923 was the formal appeal of Pope Pius XI, on Nov. 12, to the Eastern Orthodox Church to reunite with the Church of Rome from which their forefathers separated at the time of the Great Schism. If the Pope's appeal contributes even on a small scale to the remedying of an ancient evil affecting a hundred million souls

today, then indeed it merits the position we give it at the head of all the important events of the past year.

Abbey and Seminary

—Rev. Theodore Vollmer, pastor at St. Philips, Indiana, class of '09, braved weather and roads on Jan. 17th to pay us a visit. We dare say, however, that it required less courage to perform this feat than to be cut loose at the point of the stiletto from check book and wallet thousands of miles from home and friends in sunny Italy, as is said to have happened to a clergyman of our acquaintance who was abroad last summer.

—St. Francis de Sales is the patron of the Catholic press. All the members of THE GRAIL force, who are connected with the Abbey Press, commemorated the event by beginning the day with attendance at Conventual High Mass.

—The College basement has been lowered through several feet of sand stone, trenches have been dug for the laying of sewer pipes, and a stairway is being erected to effect an entrance from the main floor. In the near future the basement will serve as lavatory. The present room is too small for the large number of students. The College chapel is likewise to have a remodeling. A new altar is to be installed, also a Communion railing, and other improvements are to be made. To help pay the expenses connected with the furnishing of the chapel the students sold chances during the holidays for a raffle that is soon to take place.

—The annual retreat for the priests and clerics of the Abbey was held under the direction of Father Matthew, O. F. M., of Indianapolis, from Feb. 3rd to the 8th inclusive. While their professors were in retreat, the students of both departments also had their spiritual exercises, which were conducted by Rev. Father Alfred, O. F. M., of Memphis, Tenn. Father Matthew also gave the retreat to the Lay Brothers from the 8th to the 14th.

—February 14th was the twenty-sixth anniversary of the death of Rt. Rev. Abbot Fintan. The anniversary Mass, a pontifical, which was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Abbot Athanasius, was anticipated by one day because of the closing exercises of the Brothers' retreat which took place after High Mass on the morning of the 14th.

—Father Isidore has gone to Ferdinand to relieve Father Maurus, chaplain at the convent, who will rest up for a few months in the hope of restoring his shattered health.

—Rev. Raymond Noll, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, Indianapolis, an alumnus of our Seminary, who completed his theological course at Rome in 1905, is accompanying his cousin, Rt. Rev. Mgr. John F. Noll, editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*, on an extended tour through Europe. The Holy Land and Egypt will also be visited.

—After a brief illness of pneumonia Father Leander (Albert) Schneider, O. S. B., class of '12, died early Sunday morning, Feb. 17th, on his fortieth birthday,

at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, Ky. On the Tuesday previous he had gone to the Infirmary with a bad case of influenza. Pneumonia developed, the temperature rising to 107.2 degrees, and death resulted. Father Leander was born at Tell City, not far distant from the Abbey, on Feb. 17, 1884. In 1901, Sept. 11, he entered our college with the intention of preparing himself for the priesthood. At the conclusion of the classical course he was admitted to the novitiate in September, 1906, and in the following year on Sept. 8, 1907, he pronounced his simple vows as a Benedictine. Having completed the prescribed courses in philosophy and theology, he was ordained on May 31, 1912. The first years of his sacred ministry were devoted to teaching in college, first at St. Meinrad then at Jasper. Towards the end of the late World War he offered his services to his country as chaplain. While he was waiting for orders to report for duty the armistice was signed. In 1920 he was assigned to St. Martin's parish at Siberia, where by the faithful discharge of his duties and his genial disposition, he won the hearts of his people. The corpse was brought first to Siberia, where Father Columban celebrated a Requiem and preached the funeral sermon. The remains were then brought to St. Meinrad for interment. Very Rev. Father Prior celebrated the solemn Requiem on Feb. 20th and performed the last rites at the cemetery. Besides other friends and relatives who were present were the father of the deceased, his brother, and a married sister. Another sister, Sister Hyacinth, O. S. B., belongs to the Benedictine community at Ferdinand. The mother and a third sister preceded him in death. R. I. P.

Book Notices

"Broken Paths," by Grace Keon, deserves to rank very high in Catholic fiction. It is a distinctly valuable contribution to our literature, not only in style and attractiveness, but also in its message. This review is inclined to differ with those who have called it "the story of Cecil's inward battle between a girl's natural desire for the gaiety of life, and her heart's hunger for love." It is rather the story of Cecil's battle between filial affection to parents who have forgotten their responsibility, and duty to her own conscience and to God. Extension Press. \$1.50. HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Besides a judicious selection of the prayers ordinarily found in manuals of prayer, Rev. N. H. Greiwe, C. PP. S., has embodied in his "Daily Manual of the Precious Blood" numerous prayers to the Most Precious Blood. Thus we find the chaplet of the Precious Blood and the seven offerings, the Litany of the Precious Blood, the Little Office of the Precious Blood, and numerous other prayers, invocations, and acts addressed to the Price of our Redemption. With six full page illustrations the "Daily Manual" comprises over 500 pages of thin Bible paper neatly and clearly printed. The Manual is three by five inches in size, and half an inch thick. It is attractively bound in dark red cover, gilt edges, lettering and monogram. The price is \$2.00. Address "The Messenger," Carthage, Ohio. C. G.

ADVERTISEMENTS

THOUSANDS TAKE IT FOR COLD

Father John's Medicine has had 68
Years of Success.

Backed by its history of more than sixty-eight years of success in treating colds and coughs Father John's Medicine is now the standard family remedy in thousands of homes all over the country as well as in many hospitals and institutions.



The fact that Father John's Medicine is guaranteed free from alcohol or dangerous narcotic drugs in any form is one of the best reasons why it is safe for all the family to take whenever they have a cold or cough or need a pure food tonic.

Your druggist can get Father John's Medicine for you if he does not have it in stock, or we will send a large size bottle by express prepaid if you send your order with \$1.20 to Father John's Medicine, Lowell, Mass.

Ouch! My Back! Rub Lumbago Pain Away

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right on your aching back, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.



Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica, backache or rheumatism so promptly. It never disappoints!

A live new story of a boy who made good in his own home town.

The Boy Who Looked Ahead

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH

The boys of Fallville, whose adventures are so graphically told in this story, were lucky to live in a town which gave boys a chance, with good swimming holes, baseball grounds, far-off woods, and the genuine Erie canal running through it.

And Eddie led the way, the right sort of a boy, with good sense and sport and pep in his system to such an extent that he could not help becoming someone.

Price \$1.00

Postage 10¢ extra



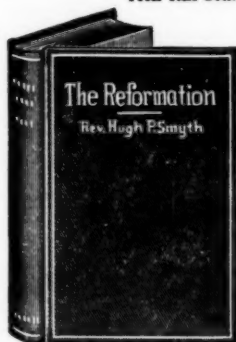
The Catholic Girl's Guide

By REV. F. X. LASANCE
680 pages; Price \$1.85

The author wishes to impress upon the young girls that virtue and piety are not inconsistent with the enjoyment of life, that they are not incompatible with mirth and high sport and recreation; in fine, with a moderate participation in harmless amusement.

THE ABBEY PRESS

THE REFORMATION



Never before has the story of The Reformation been so interestingly told. Written in plain understandable English that a school boy can read, and read with interest. How few Catholics know of The Reformation other than a vague history of Martin Luther and Henry VIII. 241

Pages, Cloth Binding, Price \$1.25.

THE ABBEY PRESS

Book Dept.

St. Meinrad Ind.

The Crown of Life

BY THE REV. HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.

A religious Poem on Convent Life — A timely brochure written with a purpose — Describes the calling and happy career of a Sister.

50 pages

Single Copies 15 Cents

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN

Who desire to serve God by a pious life as Lay Brothers of the Benedictine Order will be heartily received by us. They will find in this vocation a safeguard to their temporal and eternal happiness. Application to be made to

Rt. Rev. Abbot,
St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Books You Will Want to Read

These books were chosen from hundreds of books as representative of not only what a Catholic should read, but what he would actually desire to read and enjoy reading.



BROKEN PATHS By Grace Keon. The story of an attempt to force a sweet, convent bred girl into an unwelcome marriage in order to gain social recognition for her family. \$1.50.

CHARRED WOOD By Myles Muredach (Msgr. Kelley). Contains the story of a murder, a detective, an abduction, a train wreck, a suspected priest and diplomatic intrigues. 75¢.

THE PARABLE BOOK—Our Divine Lord's own stories retold for you by little children in the words of Holy Scripture. The most beautiful and complete Catholic children's book ever produced. Each book enclosed in beautiful gift box. \$2.00.

CATHOLIC BIBLE STORIES By J. V. D. Brownson. Includes Catholic bible stories from both the Old and New Testament, told in an interesting way so that any child will understand and enjoy them. \$1.50.

LETTERS TO JACK By Msgr. Kelley. Monsignor Kelley gives good advice to young men in such a way that it reads like letters from his best chum. Every young man should read this book. 254 pages. \$1.50.

CITY AND THE WORLD By Msgr. Kelley. Contains 14 Catholic short stories interestingly told; as good as any fiction found in any of the secular publications. 155 pa. \$1.50.

TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH By Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. Father Smyth gives to the people explanations of the most important subjects concerning Catholic belief in a simple popular style. \$1.50.

CATHOLIC DICTIONARY AND CYCLOPEDIA By Rt. Rev. Jas. J. McGovern, D. D. Gives information that every Catholic should know in a language that anybody can understand. \$1.25.

THE REFORMATION By Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. A history of the Reformation in all countries. He quotes continually from Protestant authorities and proves that the Reformation was not a Reformation but a devastation. \$1.50.

TRAVELING LIGHT, or CYCLING EUROPE ON FIFTY-CENTS A DAY By Maximillian J. St. George. The interesting adventures of an American University Student who travelled 16,300 miles through Europe on a bicycle for 50 cents a day. \$2.00.

By purchasing your Books from the Benedictine Fathers you are helping to extend and maintain your religion, as all the profits from sales of books are devoted to the support of poor students preparing for the Holy Priesthood.



BENEDICTINE FATHERS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Enclosed find \$..... for which send me the following books.

.....

Name

Address

Town and State

BENEDICTINE FATHERS

Book Dept.

St. Meinrad, Ind.



GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS

On the Epistles and Gospels

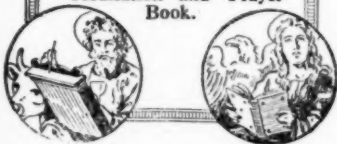
Illustrated Edition
With Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons
8vo, cloth, net, \$1.75; postage, 25 cents extra

THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE EDITION AS WELL AS THE CHEAPEST.
HIGHLY APPROVED,
With 140 illustrations, 704 pages
Why this book should be in the hands of every family

Because it explains in simple language the Life and Teachings of Christ, and the Dogmas and Doctrines of the Church.

Because it explains the Duties of our State of Life.
Because it contains Home Devotions for those who are prevented from hearing Mass.

Because it is a complete Meditation and Prayer-Book.

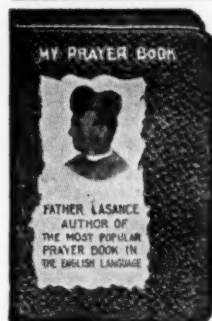


By Rev. M. J. CORCORAN, O.S.A.

12mo, cloth, illustrated, net, \$1.50
Postpaid, \$1.60

If you want to know why St. Rita is called THE SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE read this stirring narrative. Picturing for you in most charming manner the girlhood of the holy maiden and the seemingly unbearable trials following her marriage, at her parents' wishes, to a brilliant man, who cruelly mistreated her and who was found murdered in a lonely mountain path, it tells you of her great merits before God and the wonderful favors and miracles she secured for her devout clients.

The Most Popular Prayerbook in English



My Prayer Book

HAPPINESS IN GOODNESS

Reflections, Counsels, Prayers and Devotions. With Marriage Mass.

By Rev. F. X. LASANCE

702 pages, size, 5 7/8 x 3 3/4 inches

It is indeed a prayer-book that is "different." It takes prayer and meditation into the bracing air and sweet sunshine of God.

BINDINGS — Imitation leather, limp, \$1.85; real leather, gold edges, \$3.00.

Send postpaid on receipt of price



By Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S.J.

12mo, cloth, net, \$1.75
Postpaid, \$1.90

"A Milltown Pastor" moves fast. It has to in order to keep up with Dan Coffey. From the moment Dan appears upon the scene until the end there is action, vivid, witty, original—a character one has been wishing to meet for a long while and at last finds and seizes upon with a sense of possession.

BEST BOOKS

FOR SALE BY

THE ABBEY PRESS
ST. MEINRAD, IND.

Note: Please make all checks, drafts, or money orders payable to The Abbey Press. If remittance does not accompany order, book will be sent C.O.D., which is higher than the postage prepaid price.



As the Sunflower turns to the Sun,
Our minds should look towards the Truth



THE CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER.

By REV. M. P. HILL, S.J.

will enable Catholics to remember and impart the truths of their religion whenever the occasion presents itself. The right answer at the right time has converted many.

Among the up-to-date questions treated are:

Apes and Men
Boycotts
Bible Myths
Bible Reading
Celibacy of Priests
Cremation
Christ, Divinity of
Creation, The
Chastity
"Christian Science"
Confession
Divorce
Darwinism
Existence of God
Eve and the Serpent
Evolution
Eugenics
Free Love
Free Masonry
Galileo
Hell
Indulgences

Infallibility of the Pope
Labor Unions
Luther
Miracles
Mixed Marriages
Morality of Bible
Heroes
Religion and Morality
Science and the Bible
Secret Societies
Socialism
Spiritism
Strikes
Superstition
Tradition and the Bible
Trinity, The Blessed
Unions
Wages, Iron Law of
Western Schism, The
Workingman's Condition,
Etc., etc.

A BOOK RECOMMENDED TO ALL

8vo, cloth, 490 pages, Net. \$2.00

Sent postage paid on receipt of \$2.00



By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J.

12mo, cloth, net, \$1.50
Postpaid, \$1.60

The first book written for nurses explaining the Catholic interpretation of ethical questions. Nurses will find this book of the greatest help, and members of Catholic Sisterhoods, directing hospitals and training-schools, and physicians will find an answer for every moral question connected with medicine.

PUSH THE CLOCK WATCH YOUR STATE

BUILD A HOME FOR "THE GRAIL"

In vain you will build churches, give missions, found schools — all efforts will be futile if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic Press. Pius X.

A Catholic paper in a parish is a perpetual Mission. Leo XIII.

Donations last month
\$84.45.



In an age of specialization when every branch of knowledge and endeavor has a literature of its own, it is indispensable that religion should use this modern vehicle of intelligence (The Press) to spread the truth, to check and to crush that which is false and immoral. Bishop Chartrand.

Donations this month
\$39.70.

Total Donations Received: \$2350.70.

Idaho	Arizona 1.00	California 81.44	Connecticut 22.50	Delaware	Maryland 22.50	Maine
Washington 3.50	Nevada	District of Col. 11.00	New Hamps.	New Jersey 56.45	New York 242.85	
Pennsylvania 91.00	Rhode Island 13.75	Virginia 1.00	West Virginia	Vermont 2.00		
Colorado	Kansas 22.50	Montana 4.50	Nebraska 12.00	North Dakota 1.00	South Dakota 1.00	
Utah	Wyoming	Alabama	Arkansas	Florida 6.50	Georgia 2.00	Texas 2.00
Louisiana 10.70	N. Carolina	S. Carolina	New Mexico	Tennessee 1.00	Mississippi	
Ohio 136.40	Illinois 83.50	Indiana 1139.16	Kentucky 48.20	Michigan 69.50	Missouri 73.70	Iowa 16.00
Minnesota 15.30	Wisconsin 109.88	Massachusetts 44.25	Oregon	Oklahoma	Canada 2.50	

To continue the work of publishing THE GRAIL it has become absolutely necessary to provide a new and properly arranged building. Since the proceeds of our printing office are devoted to the support of poor students preparing for the Holy Priesthood we do not feel justified in appropriating any of this money for building purposes. We, therefore, offer our friends and benefactors the unique opportunity of erecting a Catholic Printing Office—a monument to Religion and Truth, a battlement of defense against falsehood and error. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged and a little token of appreciation sent to each donor. Address

BENEDICTINE FATHERS

Building Fund

St. Meinrad, Indiana

E

i-
y
e
a
t
t
s
-
o
t
-

[

[

[

[